McFarlane and Weinberger Slug It Out

NATIONAL REVIEW

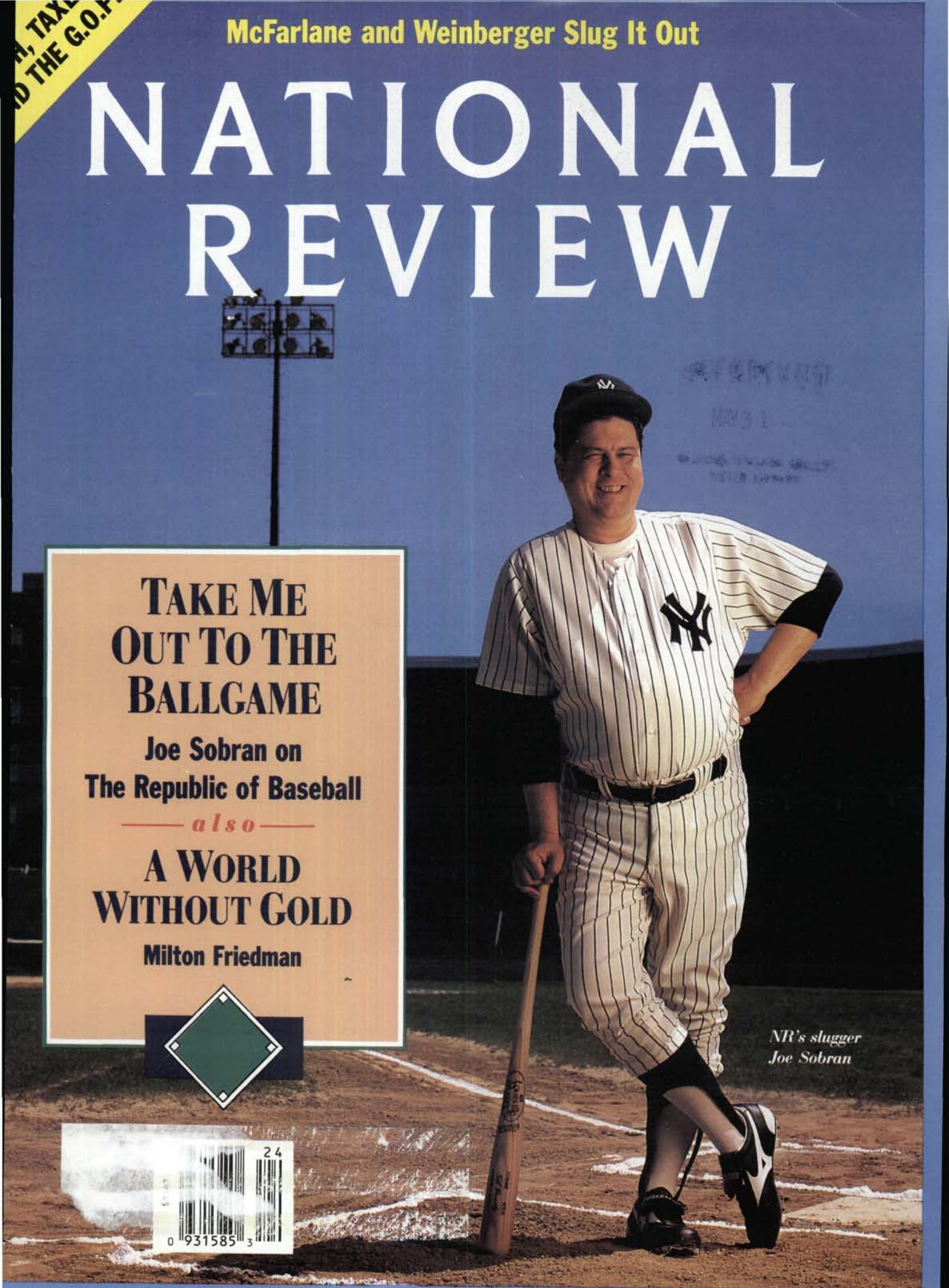
TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

Joe Sobran on
The Republic of Baseball

also

A WORLD WITHOUT GOLD

Milton Friedman



NR's slugger Joe Sobran

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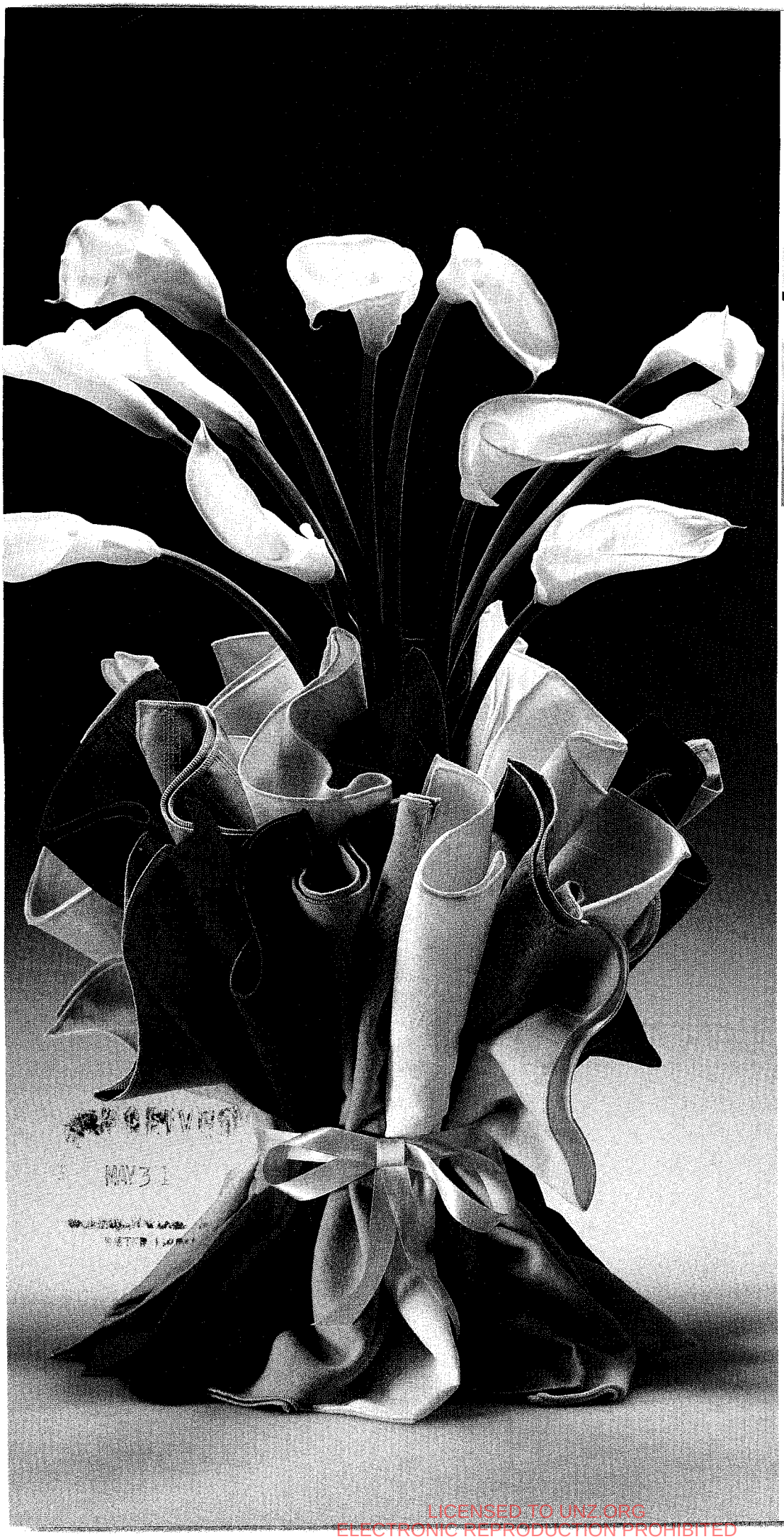

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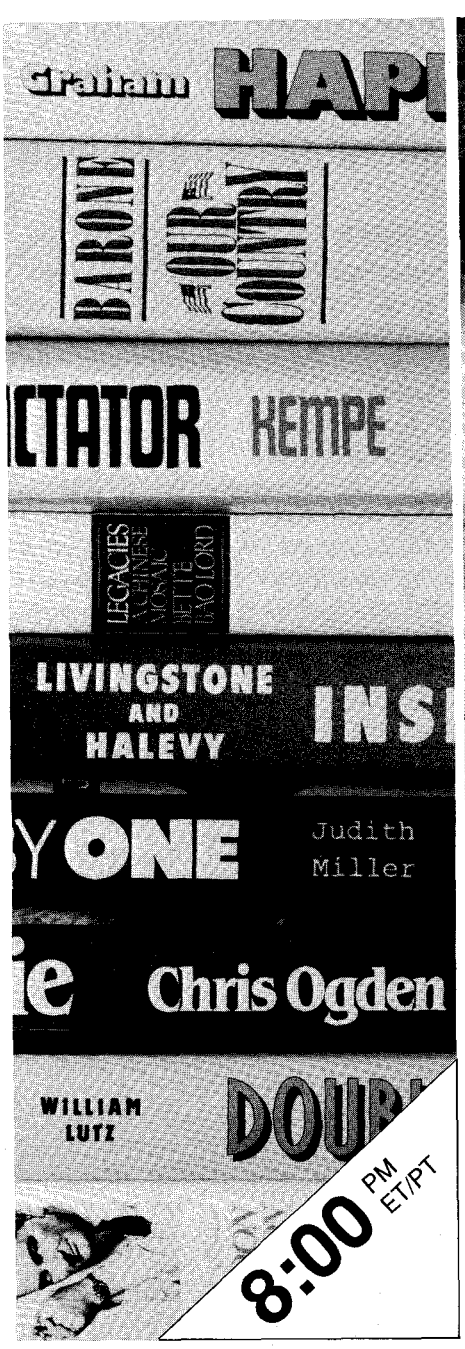

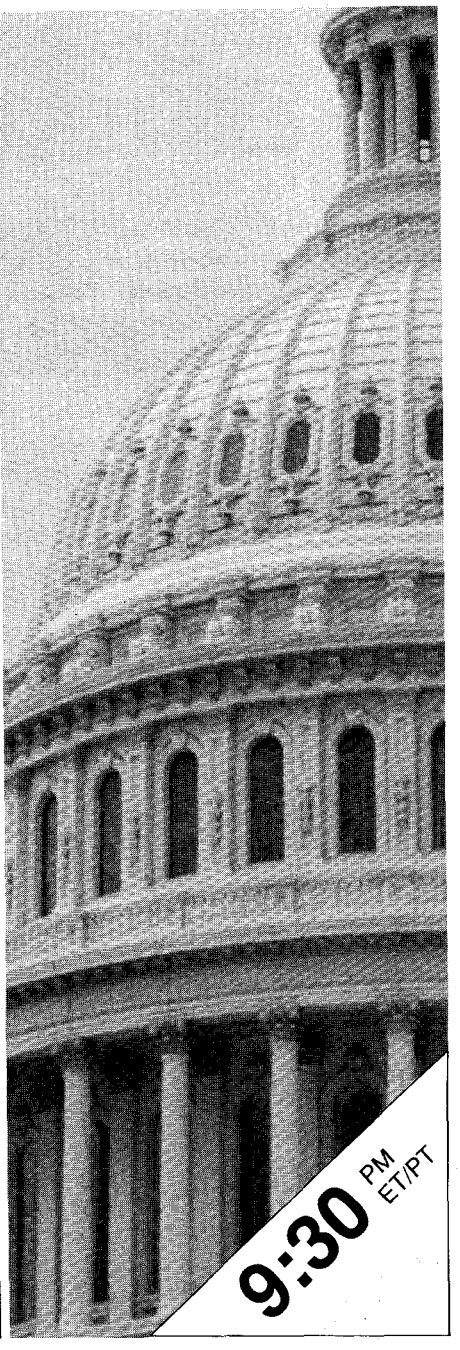

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Babe Sobran's hair and make-up by Teresa Vuoso

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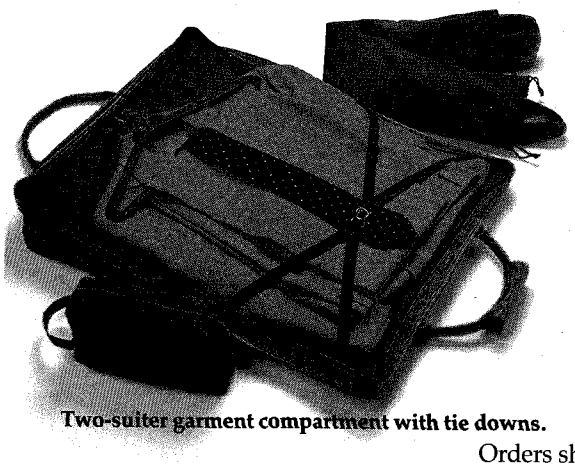

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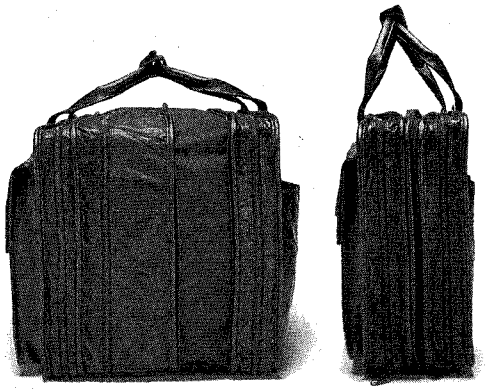

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LETTERS

Bad Stuff

Keith Mano's column on marijuana [May 14] reminded me of a Sunday in early January three years ago. My husband and I were returning on the train from Washington. We took the third car instead of the first as we usually do. Not far from Baltimore our train collided with a freight train. In the first car 16 passengers were killed and about 160 were seriously injured. We were lucky to get away with bruises, contusions, and scratches that soon healed, although the nightmares about the crash will haunt us for the rest of our lives.

The collision was caused by engineers in the freight train who were smoking marijuana.

Furthermore, I have seen the breakup of a family due to a young man's casual enjoyment of marijuana, which triggered a psychosis. He is now forty years old and despite his excellent education has never held a job, nor is it likely that he will ever live a productive life.

Terminally ill patients should be made as pain-free and comfortable as possible, and if marijuana is the best means to achieve that, they should not be denied its benefits. However, I cannot agree that under normal circumstances people should indulge in marijuana. In view of the tragedies I have witnessed nothing can convince me otherwise.

Olga S. Hruby
New York, N.Y.

Beastly Blasphemy

I appreciate Patricia Durbin Hotz's desire to be Biblical in her approach to animal rights ["Letters," April 30]. But does Scripture really teach that "our Creator did not intend for animals to be captive, confined, experimented on, worn, eaten, or abused in any way"?

1. Shepherding is a highly regarded Biblical activity that involves captivity and confinement—the shepherd David was "a man after God's own heart."

2. Jacob performed breeding experiments on Laban's cattle (Gen. 30), which God is reported to have blessed (31:9).

3. The Lord God provided coats of skins for Adam and Eve (Gen. 3:21) as clothing to be worn.

4. God told Noah, "Every moving thing that lives shall be meat for you" (Gen. 9:3).

Man, being God's image, is responsible to administer properly the Earth and its inhabitants. This is a Biblical mandate and a high privilege, to be neither abused, nor ignored, nor confused by elevating sentiment over Scripture.

Jefferey Becker
Assistant to the Pastor
Maranatha Baptist Church
Sinking Spring, Pa.

Historical Premise

In Spencer Warren's recent review ["World War Won," April 1] of John Keegan's *The Second World War*, he notes the enormous loss of Russian life attributable to Stalin's military blunders and comments that "also contributing [to the casualties] were the barbaric Soviet tactics, such as the NKVD machine-gunners operating behind troops to ensure they advanced with a will." While not willing to push the parallel very far, I would note that Confederate losses to desertion had become so devastating during the closing years of the American Civil War that a frustrated General Robert E. Lee was forced to adopt a somewhat similar practice in the Army of Northern Virginia.

In a 1989 article, "Confederate Dilemma: North Carolina Troops and the Deserter Problem," for *The North Carolina Historical Review*, Richard Bardolph reprints Lee's General Order No. 4 of February 22, 1864, which instituted a system of "file closers" under which officers were to appoint one man for every ten privates for the following duty:

> On the march they will be required to prevent straggling and be held responsible for the presence of their respective squads of ten. In action they will keep two paces behind the rear rank of their several squads, the non-commissioned and lance officers with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. . . . If any refuse to advance, disobey orders, or leave the ranks to plunder or to retreat, the file closer will promptly cut down or fire upon the delinquents. They will treat in the same manner any man who uses words or actions calculated to produce alarm among the troops . . .

A major difference in the Soviet and Confederate practices was that General Lee's "file closers" were drawn not from a political police but from ordinary soldiers who he specified must be "the best and most tried soldiers of the company." Another contrast lies in the fact that Bardolph, who is Jefferson Standard Professor of History emeritus at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, has been unable to find a single instance in which Lee's order resulted in a battlefield execution, while the NKVD created significant carnage within the Red Army. Furthermore, most of Lee's desertions stemmed from a concern among his troops for their families' well-being; totally different forces prompted one general officer and hundreds of thousands of soldiers to trade the Red Army for Hitler's Wehrmacht.

William P. MacKinnon
Birmingham, Mich.

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Referential Treatment

In his review of my book *The Rushdie Affair* ["Satanic Farces," May 14], Aram Bakshian Jr. implies that I espouse views which I am only reporting. Therefore, I would appreciate the opportunity to state unambiguously for the record that my phrase about "dark-skinned, poor foreigners with strange eating habits and less-developed notions of hygiene" in no way reflects my own outlook. Rather, it is an attempt succinctly to capture a strongly held point of view that exists in Western Europe. That I do not agree with this outlook should be clear from my characterizing it as an "ugly nativist reaction."

Similarly, my referring to Europe as a "land of blasphemy and lewdness" sums up a fundamentalist Muslim viewpoint, and is certainly not my own.

Daniel Pipes
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please note that the publisher of The Rushdie Affair *is not "Birch," as we stated, but Birch Lane Press.* —ED.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Philistines at the Gate

■ We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the arts establishment in one of its periodic fits of immorality. It sets out boldly to shock the bourgeoisie, but when the bourgeoisie is shocked, it starts back nervously and babbles about Babbitry. See the controversy over the National Endowment for the Arts *passim*.

For years now the arts establishment has repeated mantra-like that the purpose of art is to shock, to disturb, to challenge. This view has achieved such dominance that it is mouthed even by the NEA's critics, such as William Safire, who duly wrote last week that art's central purpose was "to outrage the placid."

The problem is that the placid are increasingly hard to outrage. Once it was possible to stimulate their newspaper-letter-writing glands with a painting like Manet's *Olympia*, a nude demi-mondaine with a hard sly smile. Today, more extreme measures are required: blasphemy, explicit depiction of homosexual sado-masochism, women wrestling in chocolate, etc. And when the placid eventually saunter to the barricades, the existence of the NEA gives them a better argument than the old Comstockite cry for censorship. They simply ask to be excused from paying to be outraged.

This is such a reasonable demand that a Harvard law professor, Kathleen M. Sullivan, had to call upon her full reserves of confusion to oppose it in the *New York Times*. Her essential argument is that the denial of a subsidy has a chilling effect amounting to suppression of the activity unsubsidized. "Bribing Warhol to copy Wyeth," she writes, "would have had the same effect as outlawing pop art." That would be the case, of course, only if Warhol distorted his art to get the subsidy. This is a vision of the Artist as Economic Wimp. Such grasping timidity is not unknown in Bohemia (see Browning on Wordsworth), but it applies to the *giving* of a subsidy just as much as to its denial. Artists may well seek to please the presumed tastes of NEA panels. (Outrage the placid—and be quick about it!)

Professor Sullivan buttresses this argument for subsidy with what she imagines to be parallel cases. You cannot be denied a concert permit for controversial songs, she argues, merely because the taxpayer finances the police and litter collectors who patrol the event. The First Amendment, which ensures this, thus guarantees subsidies without strings. This is rather like arguing that British police protection for Salman Rushdie is a subsidy to *The Satanic Verses*. Neither example involves a subsidy. They are cases of people benefiting from general public services, and the principle involved is that such services should not be denied because the beneficiaries are engaged in controversy.

But argument may be beside the point. Something more elemental is going on. A delicious thrill of horror is doing the rhumba up and down the spine of the art establishment: *The Philistines are at the gate. Remember the Impressionists.* If opponents of Serrano and Mapplethorpe are indeed philistines, that does not rob them of civil rights. Philistia may be condescended to, but it will not be taxed to finance a kind of sweetness and light that Matthew Arnold never dreamt of. As the NEA seems belatedly to realize, a decent respect for its opinions must be shown if the subsidies are to continue flowing.

But are the philistines on only one side? The Impressionists, it will be recalled, got their famously dusty reception not from some nineteenth-century French Jesse Helms, but from the academic art establishment of the day. Today's art establishment is as much a social as an artistic phenomenon, built more around ladies who lunch than girls who pose. So the dispute is often between philistines who are uninterested in art and philistines who are interested in art. We favor the taxpayers. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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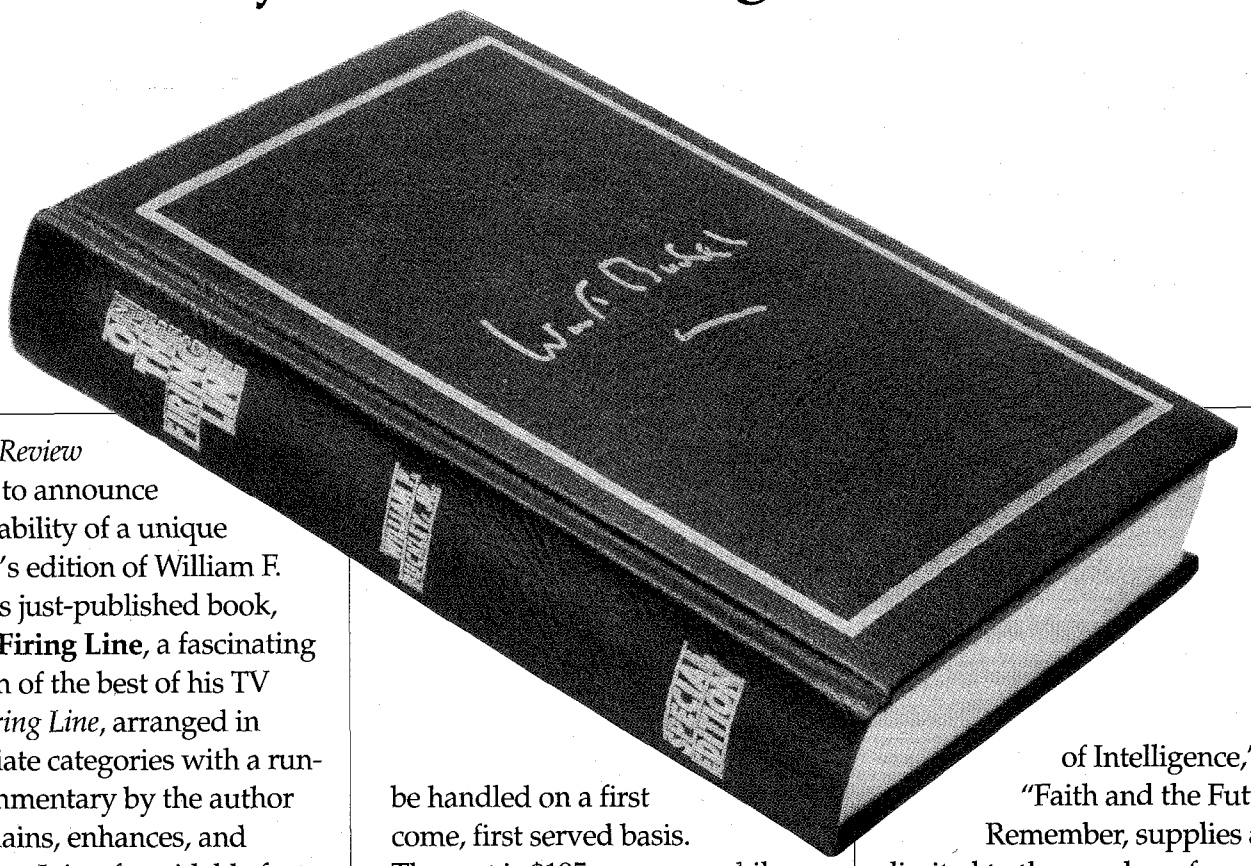

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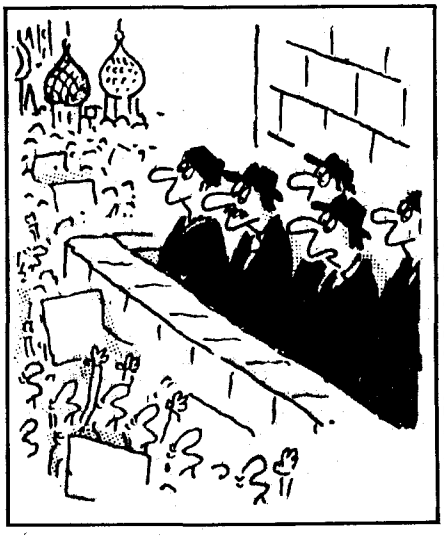
ON THE RECORD

■ Possible tax increases stepped front and center as major concern of Republican political strategists and candidates last week. "The biggest difference between Republicans and Democrats is that Republicans don't want to raise taxes," says **Ed Rollins**, co-chairman of National Republican Congressional Committee. . . . **Stephen Hess**, of Brookings, believes **George Bush** can probably weather political criticism of higher taxes "as long as he doesn't raise income taxes." . . . Heritage Foundation analyst **Stuart Butler** disagrees. "If there's one thing that can bind the conservative movement together—if it's not the threat of the Soviet Union—it would be George Bush reneging on the one campaign pledge that everyone remembers and that really distinguishes conservatives from liberals." . . . **Kevin Phillips** continues to predict one or two Republican Senate takeovers in November providing we don't have a recession. . . . Early polls in Hawaii show GOP Rep. **Patricia Saiki** running even with Sen. **Dan Akaka** (D.), appointed to Senate to fill out term of the late **Spark Matsunaga** (D.). . . . In North Carolina, winner of Democratic run-off to oppose **Jesse Helms** is expected to be second-place primary finisher, **Mike Easley**. In the crunch, North Carolina Democrats tend to choose the white candidate in the runoff. Easley is opposed by black former Charlotte Mayor **Harvey Gantt**. . . . In Alabama, prospect that Republican **Bill Cabaniss** would succeed Democratic Sen. **Howell Heflin** (who helped torpedo **Bork** nomination) hurt by Heflin's comment that Cabaniss was a "Grey Poupon Republican." . . . If former San Francisco Mayor **Dianne Feinstein** wins California Democratic primary June 5, which seems likely, it will be "bad news for the GOP in this year's most important race for governor," say **Evans & Novak**. *Los Angeles Times* poll shows Republican gubernatorial candidate Sen. **Pete Wilson** leading Miss Feinstein by whisker-thin 41 to 38 per cent. . . . Also vitally important in June 5 vote are Propositions 118 and 119, which would make it more difficult for a Democratically controlled state legislature to gerrymander California congressional seats next year. . . . In Massachusetts, after televised debate among Democratic gubernatorial candidates, conservative Boston U. President **John Silber** moved a hair ahead of his liberal opponents **Frank Bellotti** and **Evelyn Murphy** in approval polls. But polls of convention delegates—most of them **Dukakis** supporters—show Silber shy of 15 per cent of delegate vote he needs to go to September primary. Convention is June 1 and 2.

■ President **Alfredo Cristiani** of El Salvador believes his country is the last battleground of the American Left since the fall of **Daniel Ortega**'s Sandinistas, a view confirmed by recent get-out-of-El-Salvador marches and demonstrations, and Democratic proposal to cut military aid to El Salvador by 50 per cent. . . . In Rumania, **Ion Iliescu**'s National Salvation Front appears to have won free (in that everyone voted) but hardly fair elections. The Front controlled Rumania's TV during the campaign and its goon squads roughed up opposition candidates **Ion Ratiu** of Peasant Party and **Radu Campeanu** of Liberal Party at campaign rallies. And diplomats report that the Securitate, renamed the Siguranta, continues at its old game of bugging conversations. . . . It may soon be bye-bye for Soviet client Col. **Mengistu** in Ethiopia. Military advances by Eritrean People's Liberation Front are eroding his power base, according to local diplomats.



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"Look on the bright side, at least they can't afford to throw fruit at us."

■ On the Left: *People's Daily World*, organ of Communist Party U.S.A., has hit hard times: come June 1 it will publish weekly instead of five days a week. *PDW*'s half-million-buck fund appeal apparently flopped; what subsidies it once got from Moscow have presumably been cut off. . . . UNESCO, going *Time* mag one better, has named **Ho Chi Minh** Man of the Century, "the symbol of the common struggles of people for peace, national independence, democracy, and social progress." . . . **Harry Belafonte** is recipient of first **Nelson Mandela** Courage Award. **Bill Cosby** made the presentation at awards dinner attended by **Chevy Chase**, **Gregory Peck**, **Jane Fonda**, **Whoopi Goldberg**, **Oliver Stone**. Dinner raised $340,000 for **Randall Robinson**'s TransAfrica.

■ It was a good year for conservative college publications. At Harvard, **Bridget Kerrigan**, **Sean McLaughlin**, and **Matt McDonald** have come out with *Peninsula*. The current issue, Vol. I, No. 2, contains rave review of **Maggie Gallagher**'s *Enemies of Eros*. (P.O. Box 2180, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.) . . . At Holy Cross, Justice **Antonin Scalia**'s son **Paul** is among founders of Catholic conservative newspaper, the *Fenwick Review*. . . . The *Williams Observer*, editor **Brian Carlson**, is in second year (S.U. Box 3219, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. 01267). . . . And conservatives at Smith are bringing out *The Opposite Shore*. (*The Opposite Shore*, Smith College, Stoddard Annex, SGA Office, Northampton, Mass. 01063.)

■ Parliament of new moderate **Rafsanjani** regime in Teheran has voted penalties of up to 74 lashes, three years in jail, and fines of up to $7,000 for anyone who distorts the words of the late Ayatollah **Khomeini**.

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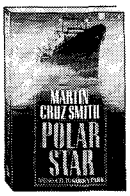

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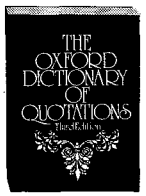

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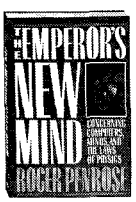

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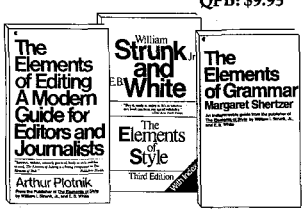
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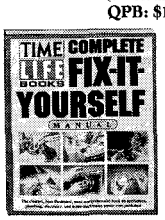

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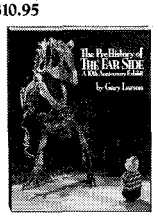

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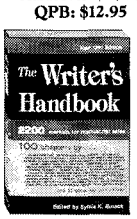

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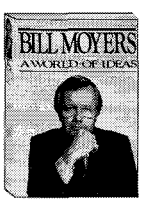

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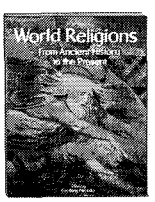

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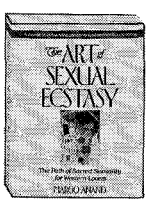

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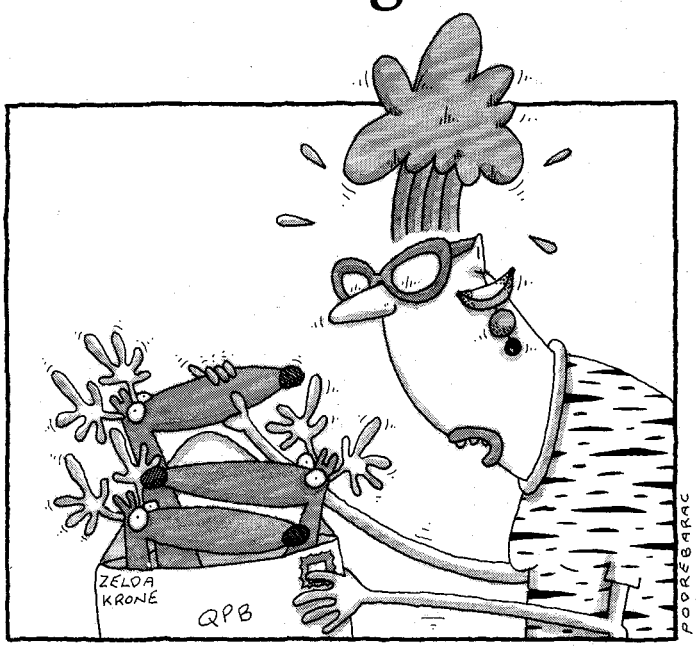

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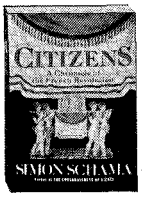

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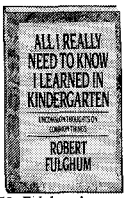

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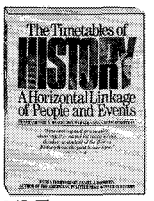

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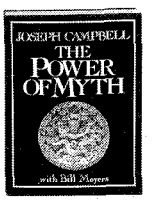

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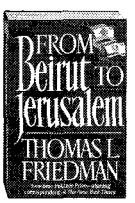

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THE WEEK

■ The President has kept his promise. Your gnu will not be taxed.

■ We've always had a hard time telling where the sacred journalistic principle of "confidentiality of sources" ends and the equally sacred journalistic principle of "the public's right to know" takes over, and our confusion is worse confounded by the latest Sununu episode. Trying to reassure conservatives that the imminent budget summit would not mean new taxes, a "senior White House official" was quoted as saying that if the Democrats propose a tax increase, "it's our prerogative to say no—and I emphasize the no." The press corps lost no time in reporting the official's off-the-record comment, and the next thing you knew his face was on the cover of *Time*. In the meantime, Mr. Sununu was repudiated by Marlin Fitzwater and denounced by the Democrats. It looks as if he just isn't Beltway material.

■ Two seemingly unrelated proposals for election reform—moves to repeal the Hatch Act, which prevents federal civil servants from electioneering, and to cap campaign spending—have in fact a common partisan tendency. Since the jobs of federal employees depend on government action, and since the only party that even talks about cutting government is the GOP, repeal of the Hatch Act would be essentially a Democratic Campaign Workers Recruitment Act. (Democrats support cuts in the armed forces, but reformers don't want to lift the electioneering ban on soldiers and sailors.) Spending caps, meanwhile, favor incumbents, and since most of these are Democrats, the party would get a double boost. The Democrats would probably have a lock on the White House too, if they weren't cultural decadents and foreign-policy wimps, though the Bush Administration is working hard to abolish partisan distinctions in those areas.

■ We noted in our last issue the lengths to which the Republican Party of New York has gone to find somebody to run against Mario Cuomo (see "Mario the Fire God," "On the Scene," May 28). Since then, the lengths have gotten longer, as Ed Koch's name has bobbed to the surface, as well as Henry Kissinger's. For months, meanwhile, there has been a candidate, able, willing, and conservative. Herb London wants to run against Cuomo's lamentable fiscal record; he supports the death penalty, and opposes abortion and monkey business with the public-school curriculum. He is a blunt and well-informed speaker, the kind best calculated to cut through the governor's arias. The GOP holds its convention May 29–31. It's time to send London to Albany.

■ Statehood for Puerto Rico? We're inclined to oppose the idea. The island is too different from the U.S. in culture, language, history, and all the unspecifiable things that constitute distinctive identity. Puerto Rico would do better to seek independence. Then it would be free to live under something like the U.S. Constitution—the one we had before the Supreme Court pummeled and kneaded it into a charter for unlimited government.

■ Joseph Fama, the Bensonhurst punk against whom the prosecution presented a weakish case, was convicted of second-degree murder, while Keith Mondello, the punk who faced a stronger case, was convicted only of minor charges, such as riot and weapons possession. The jury system—which, like democracy, is the worst system there is, except for all the others—often enough produces such puzzling results. These particular results would belong back with the weather forecasts if it weren't for the enormous media and political interest in racial crimes. "If we can't learn to respect each other," intoned the Brooklyn district attorney, "we're going to have to learn that we're going to pay a terrible price if we commit a crime." What's the conditional clause

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"Ah! Rushdie, we've been asked to make a conciliatory gesture toward Iran over the hostages. I'm sure you'll understand."

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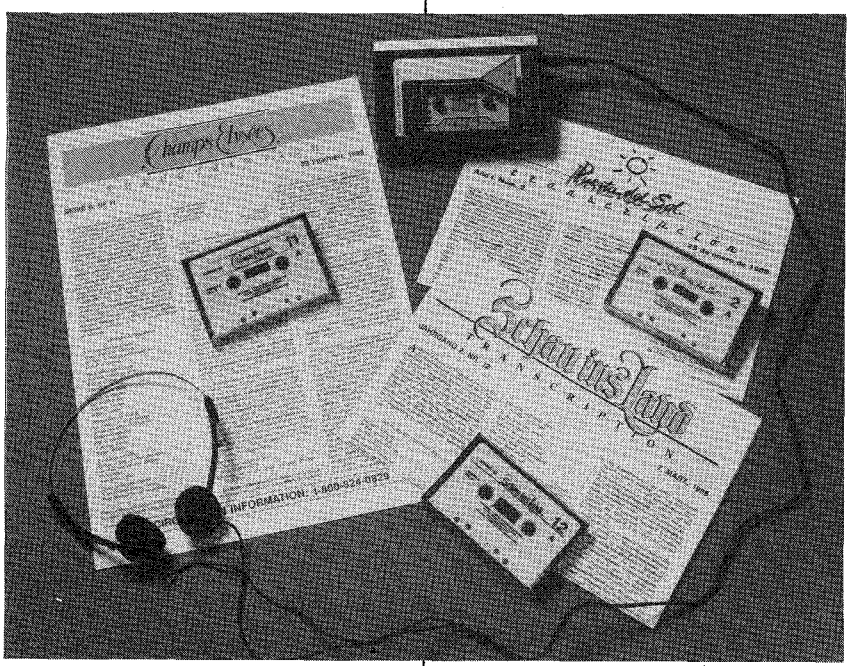

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doing in there? We should pay a price for all our crimes. But leave respect to our consciences. The legal system isn't doing such a great job at punishing plain old crime that it has any spare time to devote to moral improvement.

■ *New York Times* headline, page 1: "Lone Israeli Slays 7 Palestinians." *New York Times* headline, same day, page 19: "Catholic Archbishop Urges Flexibility on Abortion." Since the prelate in question was Milwaukee's flaky Rembert Weakland, why not "*Lone* Catholic Archbishop . . ."?

■ Lurking just three miles off the coast of Key Largo, reports the Florida ACLU, is another alarming threat to our liberties: a statue of Christ known as *Christ of the Deep*, placed there as a memorial to those lost at sea. To be sure, the memorial is a good swim from shore and twenty feet underwater, the group concedes, but it sits on federal property and is therefore no less intolerable an infringement of church–state separation. Friends and families of the drowned, for whom it may have been a comforting symbol, must learn to grasp the subtle constitutional distinctions that permit such symbols to be submerged for public display only in jars of urine.

■ To mark the occasion of the forthcoming five-hundredth anniversary of the first voyage of Christopher Columbus to the New World, the governing board of the National Council of Churches has passed a resolution condemning the Genoese navigator for "invading" America. What's that? You heard the churchmen: as the first white man on this continent, Columbus is responsible for inflicting upon Indians "slavery, genocide, theft, and exploitation." An Episcopal bishop from Kentucky moved to amend the resolution by adding to it a list of "positive" things about America for which we might all thank God, but he was outvoted. The NCC warned the Christopher Columbus Quincentenary Commission that it will not participate in any official celebrations planned for 1992. Will there still be a party?

■ When Christian Brando was arrested for killing his sister's boyfriend, Christian's father, Marlon, called his old friend William Kunstler. Kunstler agreed to defend the younger Brando, apparently on the grounds that the killing was an accident that occurred during a tussle over the fatal weapon. We still have a soft spot for the great actor, and maybe the best outcome for this sad affair would be for the son to be acquitted and the lawyer to go to jail.

■ Guilt by Indirect Association, or How to Give McCarthyism a Bad Name Dept. If you drink Folger's coffee, which by all means do, you are using, in part, coffee beans grown in El Salvador, thereby indirectly subsidizing Procter & Gamble, maker of Folger's, which buys the beans, indirectly subsidizing wholesalers, indirectly subsidizing "wealthy" coffee growers there, who in turn subsidize "right-wing" "death squads," who in turn inflict "misery, destruction, and death" in that country. It follows that you are drinking blood. So we are advised in a commercial sponsored by something called Neighbor to Neighbor, narrated by Ed Asner and broadcast by WHDH-TV, Boston, a CBS affiliate. Procter & Gamble responded by pulling all its advertising off WHDH-TV, a million dollars' worth a year.

■ If you'd rather not subsidize the *left*-wing death squads in El Salvador, turn off the TV and stop watching movies.

■ Radical professors are outraged when students ask who Malcolm the Tenth was. (Answer: Malcolm X.) The Sixties may be over at last.

No Deal

THE POINT, often obscured by the 1981 Reagan tax cuts, is that taxes have already been raised. To worrisome levels. Personal income taxes took $3,948 from every man, woman, and child in 1989, a rise of more than $1,200 (1989 dollars) from 1980. Social Security taxes took $1,144 per capita last year, $500 more than in 1980. Corporate income taxes take a far higher share of profits now than at the start of the Reagan Administration. Even the gasoline tax, which seems to be everyone's leading candidate for the "inevitable" tax increase, is bringing in record amounts, 150 per cent more than in 1981. In fact, there have been only five years this century, most recently just prior to the 1981–1982 recession, when the percentage of GNP taken by federal taxes exceeded the 19.6 per cent expected for 1990. Further tax pressure would only ensure a rerun of the early 1980s.

Anyone who thinks that spending cuts alone can't deliver the $64 billion to $76 billion that Budget Director Richard Darman says is needed to meet the Gramm–Rudman target hasn't looked at the budget. Some $36 billion worth of the required cuts are already incorporated in the January document, and they hardly scratched the surface of cuttable spending. For example, the Administration proposed that non-Medicare health-care spending be "cut" by $600 million in 1991. However, this "cut" is measured from a rising budget baseline. In fact, these outlays would still be more than $4 billion above the previous year's level.

The 1991 budget recommends a $10-billion in-

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crease in federal aid to state and local governments, bringing the annual total to $144 billion, although many governors would gladly accept less money from Washington in exchange for fewer restrictions on how those funds are spent. Agricultural subsidies are scheduled to rise by $3.5 billion, putting a total of $11.9 billion into the pockets of predominantly well-to-do farmers and land owners. The peace-dividend check is still in the mail: defense spending is budgeted to rise by more than $5 billion in 1991. Should we bother mentioning Social Security and other predominantly middle-class entitlements? They're in for a $32-billion increase in 1991.

Add to this the $180 billion that the head of the General Accounting Office claims is lost each year through waste, fraud, and mismanagement; $90 billion in income taxes that the IRS reports are uncollected because individuals and corporations underreport income or overstate deductions; and $25 billion that the Heritage Foundation calculates could be raised through the sale of federal assets to the private sector.

The possibilities seem endless. Political probabilities, unfortunately, point to a deal involving some combination of spending cuts, higher taxes, and a relaxation of the Gramm–Rudman targets. It's instructive to review how we got into this mess. The deficit started to explode when inflation collapsed, quite unexpectedly, in the early 1980s. Because multi-year budget plans are drawn up in nominal dollars, real spending went up far faster than the Reagan Administration had intended. The unexpectedly low inflation also meant lower-than-expected revenues.

Nearly a decade later we still suffer from the effects of that unexpected piece of good news. The Bush Administration can squeeze the excess real spending out of the budget by freezing it. A one-year freeze at last year's total would reduce the deficit by $70 billion, and end the paralytic struggle over spending priorities.

We have already made progress. The share of the economy under federal control—to Milton Friedman a more telling index than the deficit—has fallen from 23.9 per cent in 1985 to 21.8 per cent in the current fiscal year. The deficit/GNP ratio in 1990 will be less than half what it was in 1985, even if the latest "sky is falling" forecast proves correct. Our national debt is smaller relative to GNP than it was during the 1945 to 1965 period; Japan's debt/GNP ratio is about twice ours. Interest payments will account for 14.0 per cent of total federal spending next year; in 1948 interest was 14.6 per cent of the budget, and we survived.

Gramm–Rudman didn't do it alone. The deficit itself deserves credit for restraining the spending proclivities of Washington. Indeed, the past nine years has demonstrated that we can flourish with large deficits so long as federal spending remains under control.

Always the Baltics

Though Gorby's flying in this week
  And Raisa's folding frocks,
The President will not critique
  Her hubby's scissor locks
Around the Balts, who had assumed
  The Bush and Baker boys
Would blanch if they became entombed,
  And maybe make some noise.

W. H. VON DREELE

Civil Wrongs

GEORGE BUSH enjoys the highest popularity a Republican has had among blacks since Joe Louis campaigned for Wendell Willkie. Partly it is the result of his perfect-pitch graciousness, which he has made special efforts to turn toward black figures—welcoming them to the White House, seeking their opinions and advice. Partly it's the result of his roots as a New England Republican, to which he was true during the four years he represented his Houston district in the House, campaigning and serving as a racial moderate. And partly, of course, it is political calculation: any Republican who can capture 20 per cent of the black vote, while holding the GOP base, won't even have to campaign in 1992: the election will be his.

The civil-rights establishment and the liberal press are counting on the tugs of temperament and calculation to impel Mr. Bush to sign some version of the Kennedy–Hawkins Civil Rights Bill. The signals could hardly be more clear. Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP called the bill a "litmus test." Arthur Fletcher, a (lamentable) Bush appointee to the Civil Rights Commission, calls the bill "a battle for the President's mind." "Mr. Bush," intoned the *New York Times*, "has an opportunity that Ronald Reagan never allowed himself." But if Mr. Bush caves in, he will not only betray conservative principles, but set back the struggle for black advancement.

The problems with the Kennedy–Hawkins bill are legion (see "Ted Kennedy's Road to Serfdom," Susan Mandel, *NR*, May 28). The bill is essentially an employment-quota bill, aimed at any business with more than 15 employees, which is to say, most businesses. The sponsors of the bill, of course, call openly not for quotas but for "goals." But we weren't born yesterday. The bill would encourage firestorms of litigation by aggrieved women as well as blacks, and

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would shove onto employers the burden of proving their innocence. The standard of guiltlessness it would set would be so high that most employers would simply adopt quota hiring off the bat.

The White House is trying to water the quota provisions down. What it ought to do is junk the whole package and heed the advice of Robert Woodson, president of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, to "go back to the drawing board and really construct legislation that addresses the critical needs of people whose brains are being blown out in these inner cities, whose families are in crisis."

Quotas of the kind encouraged by the Kennedy–Hawkins bill would help members of minority groups who already have a foot in the door—by virtue of credentialing or education—to insert a calf and a thigh. The quotas would benefit, in other words, the very people most qualified to make their own way. The black poor who are floundering need instead policies designed to encourage effort, indus-

RIGHT DATA

Onward and Upward

HAS AIRLINE deregulation worked? Proponents point to the great popularization of commercial aviation since 1978: the number of passengers nearly doubled, reaching 456 million in 1988, while air fares per passenger mile have declined 20 per cent in constant dollars. In 1971, half of all Americans had never flown; by 1988, 75 per cent had. And despite the airline-industry shakeout, consumers enjoy more choice now than a decade ago. DOT figures show that airline passengers could choose from two or more airlines for 89 per cent of their trips in 1988, up from 69 per cent in 1978. Air travelers can choose among five or more airlines for 29 per cent of their trips, a variety unheard of before deregulation.

Unfortunately, problems at certain hub airports are giving airline deregulation a bad name. While the nation's largest airline—Texas Air's combine of Continental and Eastern—accounts for only 16 per cent of total U.S. market, many hub airports are virtually monopolized by a single carrier. U.S. Air, for example, has 84 per cent of all flights out of Pittsburgh, TWA has 82 per cent out of St. Louis, and Northwest has 80 per cent out of Minneapolis. Passengers embarking from such "fortress hubs" are increasingly at the mercy of a single airline, and pay fares which have been found to be as much as 50 per cent higher than the "Standard Industry Fare Level." The apparent price gouging has led even Alfred Kahn, the father of airline deregulation, to recommend re-regulating fares on certain hub routes.

The hub–spoke route configuration per se is not the problem. On the contrary, feeding flights into a central hub where people can change planes enables the airlines to serve more cities with more frequent flights, using fewer planes. Although hubbing increases the possibility of having to change planes, the old two-, three-, and four-stop flights passengers used to endure are a thing of the past. Average travel time has decreased. And because airlines can choose the appropriate size of plane to fit the traffic between each pair of cities, a higher percentage of seats is now filled—which helps to explain why fares have declined.

In theory deregulation allows any airline to enter any market. Excessive fares at hub airports should attract a swarm of competitors, driving the fare level down. In practice the supply of airport gates and landing and take-off slots at hub airports is far smaller than the demand, with the incumbent airlines often wielding veto power over proposed expansion. As explained in a recent study by the Reason Foundation's Robert W. Poole, the veto power often derives from long-term leases signed by the airlines with local airport authorities during pre-deregulation days. Airport operators were perfectly willing to give airlines long-term leases—as long as fifty years—with clauses stipulating that a majority of the existing tenants could veto the issuance of bonds backed by lease revenues to finance airport expansion. Back when the Civil Aviation Board (CAB) restricted airline competition those clauses were of little importance. Now airlines use them to maintain their monopolies.

What we have is not a failure of airline deregulation but a failure to deregulate airports. Poole believes the artificial shortage of airport capacity could best be remedied by allowing cities to privatize their airports. A profit-making airport would have every incentive to respond to excess demand by increasing the supply of gates and landing slots, financing these additions by charging passengers, airlines, and concessionaires.

The cities would also reap financial benefits. The nation's largest airport, Chicago's O'Hare, has an estimated market value of at least $1.7 billion, which would generate $29.5 million in annual property-tax payments. All in all, Poole says, privatizing the top fifty airports could generate nearly $24 billion in one-time revenues for local governments, and increase property-tax revenues by $391 million each year.

—Ed Rubenstein

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try, and family cohesion. George Bush can view his popularity among blacks as a precious asset, which must be protected at all costs, or as an opportunity to advance programs which, though they do not interest black "leaders," will actually benefit their supposed constituencies. This bill is a litmus test for conservatives as well as for the "civil-rights" lobby.

Crass Course

ALMOST AS objectionable as the legislation itself is the reasoning advanced by everyone from Knowing Pundits to White House spokesmen, to justify the President's search for a compromise: he wants black votes.

But what's really interesting about this line of analysis is its earnest cynicism. It assumes that Mr. Bush could, would, and should sign a piece of legislation which, among other things, undermines one of the most basic principles of justice, the presumption of innocence, for the sole purpose of currying favor with a certain voting bloc. And it appears to be judging Mr. Bush accurately. He doesn't even pretend there is any particular *need* for the bill.

Civil rights has long since ceased meaning protections for the individual citizen against the state. As everyone now understands, the phrase is shorthand for the current agenda of liberal black politicians—a set of special favors, special exemptions, and new powers for the state over the private sphere. That's just fine with the Administration. Hey, we want votes! That's what it's all about, isn't it?

In chasing votes at any cost, Mr. Bush is doing something more than letting down his own natural constituency. He is abetting the erosion of principles we had once thought transcended any narrow interest: property rights, limited government, and the indispensable stipulation that, in any prosecution, the burden of proof is on the accuser, not the defendant. His course doesn't strike us as particularly liberal; just insensate.

They Sink Ships, Too

Though lips that touch liquor
  May always touch mine,
And lips in burnt orange
  Are simply divine,
Loose lips that last summer
  Were flapping about
No new taxes, *ever*,
  Are making mine pout.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Unfabulous Baker Boy

JAMES BAKER went to Moscow for pre-Summit negotiations with two broad Administration goals to guide him: getting Soviet troops out of Central Europe, especially Germany; and blunting the threat of the SS-18, the Soviets' land-based intercontinental missile. What he got was: no progress at all toward a conventional-forces treaty ("our counterparts apparently weren't able to respond meaningfully at this time," he commented blandly); and some missile-numbers poker, after which the Soviets will retain the right to modernize their SS-18s.

How did Gorbachev do so well? "His strategy," writes William Safire, "was daringly Orwellian: *weakness is strength*. He stressed his political fragility and his economic straits. . . . Paralyzed by fear of the who-lost-Gorbachev charge, the Bush Administration fell into the trap."

But the argument from weakness cuts two ways. If the Soviet system is on the brink of upheaval, then we, and Europe, need to be stronger and more secure, not less. The Summit is shaping up as an exercise in strategic dickering, like every other Summit for the last thirty years. But the world has changed in the last 12 months. Our goals should be to ease the Soviet Union's transition to sub-superpower status, not to help Gorbachev, or his successors, maintain their *raj*.

Terrorism: Going to the Source

THE COMMISSION appointed to investigate the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, handed in its report to President Bush. Astoundingly for a long-awaited government report, it does not shirk an obvious but unfashionable conclusion.

The report blames Pan Am for "apparent security lapses" at both Frankfurt and Heathrow, and blames the Federal Aviation Administration for not acting to clear them up quickly enough (five months after the bombing, the FAA reported that "all passengers flying out of Frankfurt on Pan Am are at great risk"). But its weightiest charge is laid at the White House door.

"National will and the moral courage to exert it are the ultimate means for defeating terrorism," the report said. The Administration should therefore plan for "direct pre-emptive or retaliatory military actions against known terrorist hide-outs in countries that sanction them."

Indeed, retaliation is the only means of dealing with terrorists. It's worth noting that, despite the

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glitches in our 1986 air strike against Libya, Qaddafi has not been so boisterous since.

But even with that instance of partial success, we have been reluctant to repeat the exercise. Partly this is due to fear for the remaining hostages held by one or another terrorist group; partly from an obsessive legalism. But basing any calculations on protecting hostages only increases the likelihood of more hostages' being taken. And the legalism of subpoenas and warrants, of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, has no place in dealing with international outlaws. Various terrorist hideouts have been definitely identified; whenever a terrorist act occurs, one of them should be bombed. Maybe the one we hit isn't the one responsible for the deed? No matter. In addition to removing one terrorist enclave from the world, it will be an unignorable example to the others.

The Wages of Conciliation

AFTER LESS THAN a month in office, Nicaraguan President Violeta Chamorro has given in to Sandinista-dominated civil-service unions. The unions shut down Managua in a strike which Mrs. Chamorro's labor minister declared illegal and a "test of [the government's] strength," and which the vice president of the National Assembly termed "a seditious strategy to hinder the consolidation of the new democratic government." The alternative to giving in would have been asking Defense Minister Humberto Ortega (whom Mrs. Chamorro had retained in a gesture of conciliation) to lead troops against his own allies.

The strike was triggered by Doña Violeta's attempt to overrule a job-security policy passed by the lame-duck Sandinista government. The departing Sandinistas went on to grant amnesty for all crimes committed by government officials in the previous ten years, to rubber-stamp expropriations of private homes for party leaders, to establish secret arms caches, and to loot the central bank of all hard-currency assets. In the aftermath of the strike, both government and opposition emphasized their intentions to work together. Meanwhile, the Bush Administration was stymied in its attempt to get passed an aid bill that might have stiffened the infant government's spine. Only after Mrs. Chamorro had given in would Congress agree to such a bill.

The wages of conciliation. Three months ago the Bush Administration deputized Jimmy Carter to serve as the principal American voice in Nicaragua after the election. Mrs. Chamorro listened to him, and worked to disarm the Contras but not the Sandinistas. But the victims haven't given up. Congressional Republicans are on the verge of revolt [see "Bush League," page 39] against left congressional domination of Latin American policy, and the Contras have decided not to disarm. Who can blame them?

The Bailout

THREE YEARS AGO it was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Now, excepting World War II, the S&L bailout may be the most expensive federal undertaking in history: a $550-billion transfer of income from ninety million hard-pressed taxpayers to a few million middle- and upper-class S&L depositors.

The seeds of the debacle were planted during the Carter Administration. The characteristic S&L risk—borrowing short while lending long—became life-threatening only after inflation exploded during the late Seventies. As inflation mounted, S&Ls lost deposits to higher-yielding money-market funds, most of them uninsured and unregulated. At the same time, S&L loan portfolios, consisting primarily of fixed-rate mortgages, plunged in value.

Had inflation been subdued, interest rates would have fallen and the S&L industry would have survived without the regulatory changes that eventually proved to be its undoing. But macroeconomics was not the Carter Administration's strong suit. Instead the government responded in 1980 by phasing out the Regulation Q interest-rate ceilings, allowing S&Ls to offer depositors market interest rates.

With the liability side of their balance sheets deregulated, but with their assets still restricted to home mortgages, S&Ls continued to go belly-up. So in 1982 the Garn–St Germain bill deregulated the asset side, allowing S&Ls to invest in a wide spectrum of speculative, tax-driven projects.

The damage might have been contained but for

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another unwise move during the Carter Administration's last year: the increase in the federal deposit-insurance limit from $40,000 to $100,000. This attracted more deposits than the S&L system could reasonably invest, setting the stage for the con artists that eventually killed much of it.

Not that deposit insurance is inherently bad. In principle it can be privatized, with premiums varying according to the risk involved, much like auto or theft insurance. Such insurance would be quickly terminated whenever, in the eyes of the insurer, the risk became excessive.

The problem with federal deposit insurance is that premiums are the same for all lenders, conservative and high flier alike. As a result, incompetent S&L managers, engaging in the most irresponsible investment strategies, are being subsidized by risk-averse professionals. This subsidy also creates perverse incentives for depositors, who are induced to shift funds out of healthy S&Ls to the riskier institutions which typically offer higher rates. Subsidized insurance allows both the institutions and their depositors to play the "heads I win, tails you lose" game.

Unfortunately, in pounding out the bailout bill last summer Congress paid obsessive attention to whether the costs should be on- or off-budget, to capital requirements, and to junk bonds. Federal deposit insurance was, ominously, untouched.

Flag Burning

THE FLAG-BURNING ISSUE is a sign of our peculiar times. In an earlier day, the common-sense social sanction against flag-burning would have sufficed. Someone burning the flag would have defined himself as a crank and been invited out of town, or maybe tarred and feathered. One would have no more burned the flag than walked nude down Pennsylvania Avenue to protest the lack of day care. But social sanctions have become enfeebled, partly because of the destructive 1960s; and any day now the Supreme Court may declare that walking nude down Pennsylvania Avenue is protected by the right to petition the government for redress of grievances.

Congress has been sculpting legislation on flag burning. The Court will probably reject it as unconstitutional under the First Amendment. If the Court strikes down the flag-burning legislation, several options are open.

A constitutional amendment strikes us as overkill. Article III, Section 2 of the Constitution, however, gives Congress the power, by simple majority vote, to remove any matter from the jurisdiction of the Court. At some point, Congress is going to have to reassert the "deliberate sense of the people" against a Court acting on abstract "rights." This would be a good occasion to recover self-government.

Walker Percy, R I P

THE REQUIEM MASS for Walker Percy celebrated at St. Joseph Abbey in Covington, Louisiana, on May 12 was essentially joyful. To be sure, there were tears, but far more abundant were the deep and happy smiles. All of us had been touched by Walker in ways that directed our hearts and minds toward what we had gained from his life rather than what we had lost by his death. We were comforted by the fact that we had been deprived only of his physical presence.

Drones in the academic industry labor over every minuscule jot in Walker Percy's writings in a meaningless effort to determine how Southern he was, how Catholic he was, and how those factors influenced his art. Regarding the first question, I can put their minds at ease. He was as much a Southerner in all the best senses as anyone who ever lived. In his federal-court testimony given in a 1970 case, he was accepted by the court as "an expert on social conditions in the South today" to establish that the Confederate flag had become "a symbol of segregation, white supremacy, and racism." On my copy of the transcript, Walker drew a Confederate flag and alongside it wrote, "You know I love it, Ben C.—Walker." He seldom let his affection interfere with his sense of reason. Walker Percy was proud of being a Southerner; he was a quietly proud man among men; he was humble before his God.

To many who have read his novels, his work is complex, difficult, and profoundly philosophical. Heretical though it may be, I suggest that his seeming profundity is due for the most part to the shallowness of our society and of us within it. That many of his readers are strangers to his message only tends to ensure the validity of it; those who cannot understand what he is "saying" are in truth those about whom and perhaps for whom his books were written.

A Most-Favored Nation

I have the feeling Mr. Bush,
Who last week got a stiff-arm push
From Jiang Zemin on prime TV
To sweeten tariffs by decree,
Formed his impressions when a fan
Of Warner Oland's Charlie Chan.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Walker Percy's acclaim in countries where consumerism is not the national religion attests to the universal appeal of his basic themes.

Matthew Arnold, the favorite poet of Walker's "Uncle" William Alexander Percy, wrote in his poem "A Summer Night" that most men live in a brazen prison and "try to stem / The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest," but "Death in their prison reaches them / Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest." Fortunately, for those of us who knew Walker Percy either personally or through his art, death reached him free, having seen much, surely blest. He was more than a fine writer; he was a gentle Jeremiah, a dauntless diagnostician of illnesses of the soul. —Ben C. Toledano

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Before you get too complacent about worldwide events, I suggest you consider the following from *The Living Church* (Dec. 31, 1989):

> Scheduled for publication next summer, the new *Presbyterian Hymnal* will have changes which will, hymnal editors hope, reflect the past and future of the church. *The Presbyterian Hymnal: Hymns, Psalms, and Spiritual Songs* will include such hymns as "Lift Every Voice and Sing" and the Native American "Many and Great, O God, Are Thy Things." Among others omitted are "Faith of Our Fathers" because it is non-inclusive, and "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" because it is considered offensive to the handicapped.

I ask you, can "Onward, Christian Soldiers" be far behind?

Cordially,
Bennett Smith
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Mr. Smith: I am not at *all* complacent about worldwide events; I am not a bit certain *The Living Church* lives; and anyway, Christian Soldiers are unconstitutional. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You and your readers may be interested in some recent political developments from here in the home state of our much-underestimated Prez.

Item #1: In the race for chairman/woman/person of the Harris County (i.e., Houston) Democratic Party, one major candidate is a Ms. Leslie Perez. Ms. Perez, twice a delegate to the state Democratic convention, is best known as head of ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power). Less known is the fact that she is also a transsexual killer. As *Mr.* Leslie Perez, he (she) was sentenced to 15 years in prison after being convicted in a murder case. Asked about her criminal record, Ms. Perez told a *Houston Chronicle* reporter: "I think I have made myself a different person."

The last chairman, elected in 1988, turned out to be a follower of Lyndon LaRouche. Ms. Perez is one of four candidates who hope to, er, radically transform the moribund organization.

Item #2: Re the charming Ann Richards (who distinguished herself at the 1988 Democratic convention by drawling in her best down-home manner: "*Pore* George. *He* cain't hep it. He was *barn* with a sivver fut in his maouth"), your correspondent [William Murchison, "On the Scene," May 14] missed a telling detail.

Mrs. Richards announced at one debate that it was nobody's business "whether a white woman has an abortion or not."

Asked later to elaborate on this new position, she explained that she really meant to say something else altogether. "Between a stutter and a thick Waco accent," she enunciated quite clearly, "it came out sounding wrong." Another Democrat has accused her of making references to illegal aliens as "wetbacks." It makes one wonder if feet of silver aren't perhaps more palatable—and durable—than feet of clay.

Best regards,
Clifford W. Crouch
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Crouch: Ouch! My grandfather was a sheriff in Texas and I do believe he'd have shot 'em all down. Cordially, WFB

■ Notice: To all ambitious audiences
From: WFB
Re: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn will be lecturing in the United States as usual during October and November. He is beyond question the most stimulating intellectual in Europe. His important new book on the history and future of leftism will be published by Regnery Gateway later this year. Address all inquiries to: Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, A-6072, Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The moment I saw that *Time* magazine selected Mikhail Gorbachev as "Man of the Decade" (for doing what Ronald Reagan's policies forced him to do), the perfect analogy came to mind.

If a miracle drug is ever discovered that cures all disease, *Time* magazine will honor disease.

Cordially,
Andrew Turnbull
Epsom, N.H.

Right on, Turnbull! Disease of the Century! Cordially, **—WFB**

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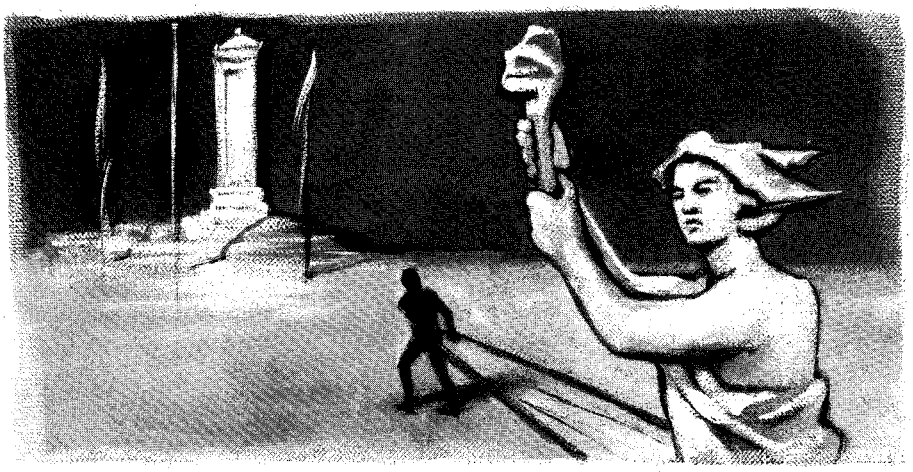
China Divisa

ROBERT ELEGANT



Jennifer Lawson

HONG KONG

"WENDING! . . . *Tongyi!*" The controlled press and radio of the People's Republic of China constantly repeat the same words: "Stability! . . . Unity!"

That formula purports to describe the present condition of the last major country still governed by a Marxist–Leninist autocracy. In reality it is a propitiatory invocation: would-be absolute dictators may talk of stability and unity, but few Chinese are listening. Neither stability nor unity binds the vast expanse of China.

The millennia-old Chinese terror of *luan* (chaos), however, just manages to preserve the semblance of central power in the hands of a small group of aged autocrats. China has too often in her turbulent and gory history suffered great evils after the collapse of authority: civil war, pillage, rapine, famine. The Chinese people are, therefore, prepared to forgive *almost* anything to a government that can preserve stability, unity, and civil order.

Their present government cannot do so—and so tries, to the utmost, the tolerance of its unwilling subjects. The doyen of China watchers, Father Lazlo Ladany, SJ, explains: "China is not exploding—not just yet. But in seven or eight years . . ."

The country is not yet erupting, not yet. But the border areas are already aflame. There the writ of Peking runs only to the length of the bayonets of the People's Liberation Army, which is itself divided after the public massacre in Tiananmen Square. In those border areas live most of the minority peoples who constitute some 20 per cent of the total population: Mongols, Tibetans, Muslims, Manchus, and a score of mountain tribes.

Only the Manchus are not disaffected. Both Tibetans and Muslims have mounted mass demonstrations that verged upon revolt—to be put down with slaughter. On the other side of that long frontier, nationalism and Islamic fervor influence their brother Muslims.

The Mongols, who are linked to the insurgent Tibetans by their common Tantric Buddhism, have recently been slaughtering their cherished sheep *en masse*. Unable to sell the wool at any decent price, they have chosen to destroy their own source of wealth. Such desperation is reminiscent of the mass slaughter of draft and food animals by Soviet "kulaks," in preference to turning them over to the state.

Militant unrest among these peoples is perhaps the most spectacular, but not even the most visible, element of the turmoil that rives the People's Republic. All the troubles that afflicted the country before the pro-democracy demonstrations still exist: virtually universal corruption among Communist Party and government officials, rampant inflation, spectacular incompetence, gross inequity in standards of living, popular hatred and, even worse, contempt for Communist leaders of all degrees.

Most of those evils are even more virulent than they were a year ago. Attempts to reimpose political orthodoxy and social control have made conditions worse. Economic deprivation haunts the Chinese people, who were feeling their way toward relative abundance during the era of *gaigo* and *kaifang*, reform and openness.

One major effort to revive the dormant economy has been the loosening of government credit. Another is tacit tolerance of so-called rural and township industry. Small factories built in small towns by individual entrepreneurs were, during the era of economic reform, hailed as *the* prime mover of the new productivity, and, like private farming, encouraged by the exhortation: "It is good to get rich, even if some get rich before others."

Such rampant free enterprise, which further undermined the Party's economic control and ideological conformity, was among the victims of the new orthodoxy. Today these enterprises are again permitted, even encouraged, as possible solutions to the shortage of goods amid the stagnation of major industry. Nonetheless, at least 150 million former farmers who were drawn to those factories are now unemployed. In a population of more than 1.1 billion, big numbers make for big problems.

"Everything except culture and free speech is exactly the same," says Father Ladany. "Only worse."

BEHIND the cracked façade of unity, all China is divided. Peking seeks to reassert the power of the central government over all regions and all aspects of life. Yet in an immediate sense the policies decreed by Peking no longer matter. No one rules China, certainly not Deng

Mr. Elegant is the author most recently of Pacific Destiny *(Crown).*

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Xiaoping, whose power was severely eroded by the pro-democracy movement and its brutal suppression. Not even Field Marshal Yong Shangkun, whose troops carried out the massacre, actually rules China.

Power is, instead, dispersed. The coastal provinces, their economies developing more happily, are at odds not only with Peking but also with the less fortunate inland provinces. The south, far more effective and, therefore, much better off, shrugs off the north's attempt to direct its actions.

Gwangdong province, which abuts Hong Kong, largely conducts its own political and economic affairs. The reformist governor of Hainan, who was removed by Peking for making that island province a "quasi-capitalist enclave," is now the executive vice mayor of the great southern metropolis of Gwangzhou (Canton). He has just declared that Gwangzhou—and by implication Gwangdong province—will "stick to its own path to reform."

Fujian province, opposite Taiwan, is already part of the economic sphere of the Nationalist Republic of China. Outside investment in Fujian, almost entirely from Taiwan, now runs to several billion dollars.

In 1958 the Communists were determined to take the Nationalist-held islet of Quemoy, which lies in the harbor of the Communist port of Amoy (now written Xiamen in an approximation of its pronunciation in the official northern dialect). One could lie in bed at night, when it was quieter, and hear the artillery shells fired from Amoy whistle through the air and explode on Quemoy. Today, the Nationalists have virtually retaken Amoy—and Peking can do little about it. To do so would make living standards in Fujian plummet. Major disorder would undoubtedly follow.

The Chinese people are now concerned almost obsessively with their material well-being. Those who have suffered through the reversal of reforms want to get back their former gains. Those who still benefit want to become even more comfortable.

Against that background, the fragmentary knowledge we have regarding overt resistance to authority becomes much more significant. The extent of armed action, perhaps no more than sniping, by dissidents scattered after the June Fourth atrocity is unknown. Of Muslim and Tibetan demonstrations, some armed, there is no question—and we know that hundreds, perhaps thousands, have died. Nor is there any question about the continuing resistance of farmers to tax collectors and the officials who gather the state's share of their grain. Enraged farmers, often led by local officials, have killed too many such unfortunate agents of central authority.

The present state of China is easier to assess if one recognizes that the country was never, even at the height of Mao Tse-tung's power, the monolithic autocracy it appeared. Even then tens of millions lived in what the Chinese call *hei shehui*, "the black society," which means they did not possess a *hukou*, the obligatory internal passport and residence permit. It is in theory impossible to live in China without a *hukou*. Yet by a very conservative estimate at least fifty million people do so today.

During the institutionalized chaos of Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, some of us observers deliberately understated what we learned from diverse sources. We were afraid of losing credibility by appearing sensational. Besides, as rational Westerners, we were dubious about the veracity of our more spectacular sources. After the enormity of the Cultural Revolution was revealed by internal Chinese sources, we realized that we had reported no more than 10 to 20 per cent of its horrors.

China is more open today. Yet China is vast, and foreigners are once again kept from traveling to certain areas. The Chinese are, of course, strenuously discouraged from discussing current developments with foreigners—or among themselves. It is, therefore, once again extremely difficult to assess how much we actually know of resistance within the country. It could well be that we are gravely understating it again.

Moreover, the people of China are aware, albeit in varying degrees, of the spectacular obsequies for Marxism–Leninism in Eastern and Central Europe. Some know, too, that that repudiation of the dogma began in China itself, in 1981.

One additional factor is also promising. For the first time, the Communist regime is opposed by an organized insurgency led from outside the country. A similar insurgency, led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, finally destroyed the long-lived Manchu Dynasty in 1911.

Naturally, the well-financed Chinese Democratic Front, based in Paris, claims a well-organized network within China. While the extent and the power of that underground are in doubt, its existence is not. It could be no more than a thousand-odd individuals who are encouraged by such public-relations gestures as the voyage of the small ship *Sea Goddess* (after the Goddess of Liberty, the symbol of the Front) to the Taiwan Straits to broadcast news and propaganda.

But the movement *could* be significantly larger—and it is undoubtedly growing. □

Fear and Loathing at City College

RICHARD BROOKHISER

New York

ANOTHER ONE of those racial controversies, tedious yet inflammatory, in which New York seems to specialize, has come to favor us—not, this time, from an outer-borough street, but from the campus of City College.

Michael Levin began teaching philosophy at City College in 1969. During the Seventies, he has told interviewers, he became "sick and tired" of affirmative action. City College, a once-quality institution reeling from the impact of open admissions, was certainly a good place to get sick and tired of it, and Professor Levin went on the attack.

In 1987, he and his wife, a philosophy professor at another college, wrote a letter to the *New York Times* defending shop-owners who barred their doors to suspicious-looking young black men. Was "discriminatory inconvenience for innocent blacks," the Levins asked, any worse than "discrimination against innocent whites [in order to] ensur[e] jobs for blacks"? About the same time, Levin wrote an article for the Australian journal *Quadrant*

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor.*

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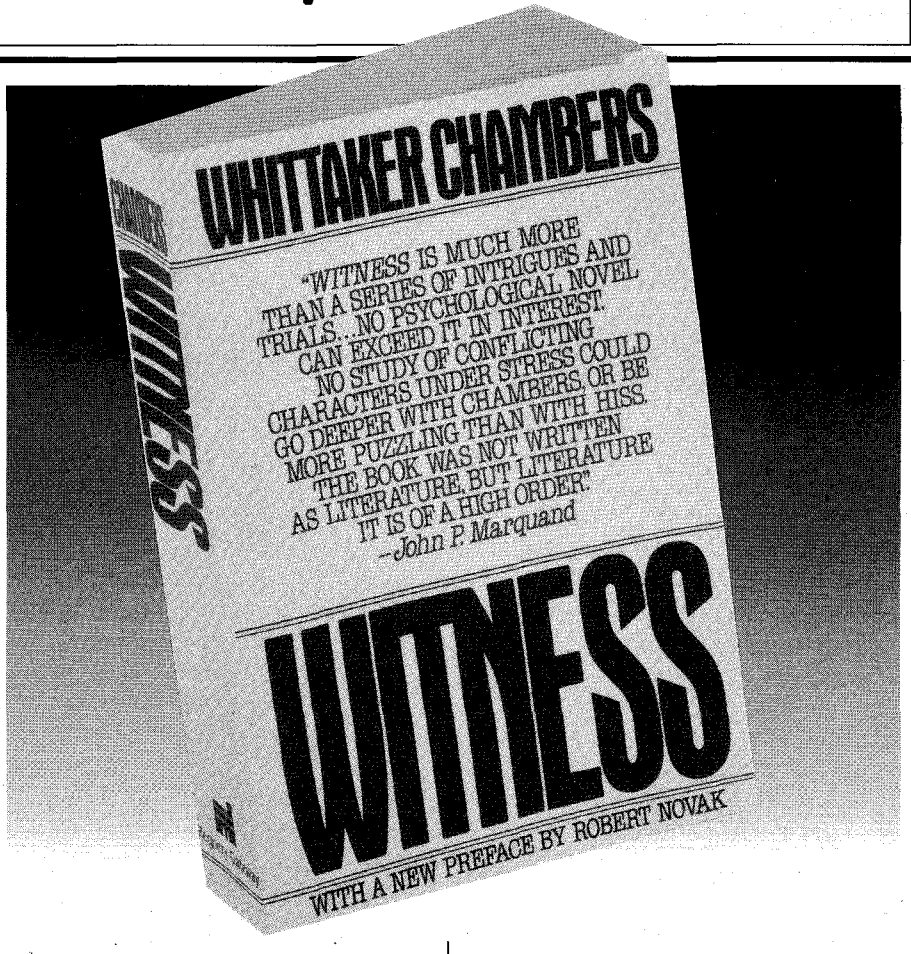
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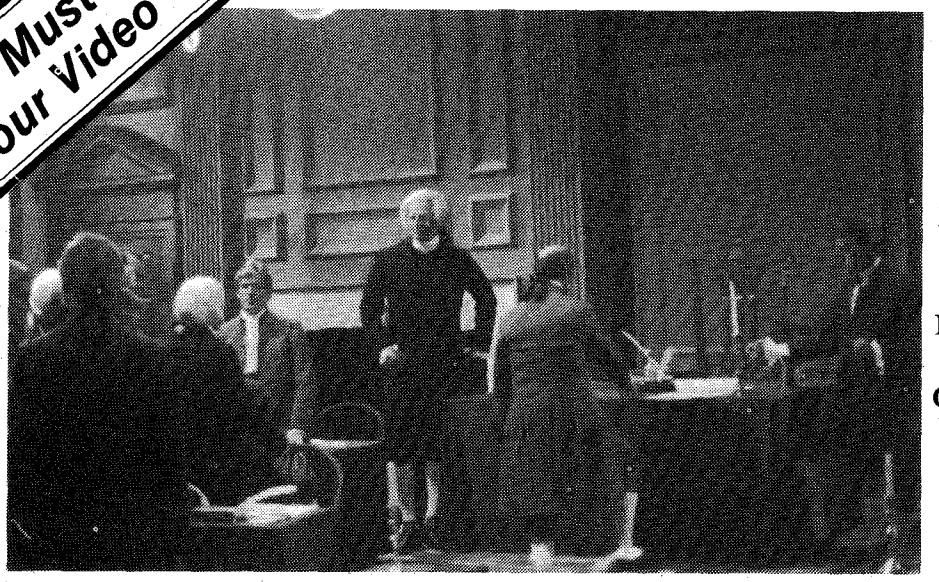

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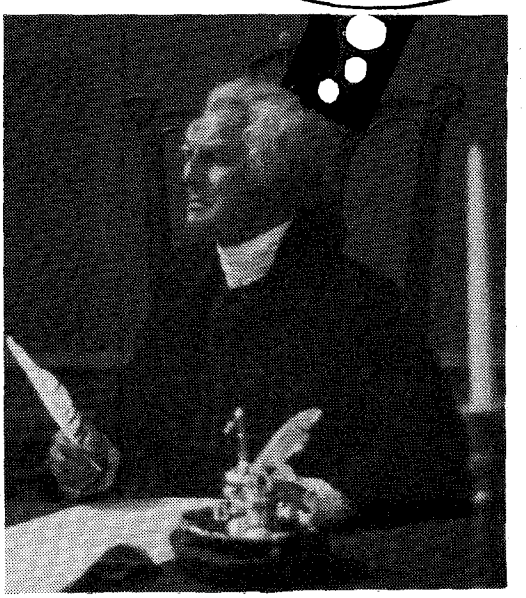

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Tim Bower

about "The Trouble with American Education"—which turned out to be "the staggering energy expended to bring American Negroes into the educational mainstream."

Levin, however, had added a wrinkle to the anti-quota argument. The reason the effort to bring blacks into the mainstream was "staggering" was that, "on average, blacks are significantly less intelligent than whites." Levin cited IQ-test results, which showed blacks, on average, lagging 15 points behind whites. He also cited Arthur Jensen, the educational psychologist at Berkeley, who argues that only 20 per cent of a person's IQ is traceable to nurture.

The significance of IQ scores is of course a subject of acrid dispute. IQ tests do not measure all types of intelligence, though they do seem to be a good predictor of academic and job performance. The average scores of ethnic groups can also change over time: groups of European immigrants got lower IQ scores sixty years ago than their descendants do now. Levin, however, had the bit in his teeth. Black "underperformance," he concluded, "is not due to white oppression." Therefore, society had no obligation to act affirmatively in order to close the gap.

These opinions did not make him popular on campus. There were demonstrations in the fall of 1988, and his office door was covered with swastikas and the message, YOU F---ING JEW. For a year, Levin agreed not to teach required courses. This year, however, a new chairman of the philosophy department gave Levin a basic course, whereupon, in March, the president of the student government led thirty kids into Levin's classroom, chanting: "Levin is a racist." Levin dismisses the charge. "It doesn't mean anything," he told the *New York Post*. "It's like saying, You're a 'pooh-pooh head.' "

One of the ironies of the Levin affair is that he keeps his opinions on these subjects out of Philosophy 101. The newspapers, after what must have been strenuous searching, have failed to come up with a minority student who will say that Levin is an unfair teacher. "He doesn't bring it into class," a black student told the *New York Observer*. Levin, for his part, says that "when class starts, the door closes and we discuss philosophy."

Another irony is the campus reaction, or lack of reaction, to one of Levin's colleagues, Leonard Jeffries Jr. Jeffries, like Levin, has taught at City College for 21 years; he is now chairman of the Africana Studies department. Jeffries tells his classes that whites are "ice people," greedy and aggressive, while blacks are "sun people," communitarian and humanistic. He also thinks that "rich Jews" financed the slave trade, and that "rich white folks" may well be behind the spread of AIDS. Jeffries's ideas get around, even more than Levin's: he was one of the authors of a now-famous report to the New York State Education Commissioner, which criticized the curriculum for its unhealthy focus on "European-American Culture" and proposed in its place a "curriculum of inclusion"—a proposal the Board of Regents has embraced.

The president of City College, distressed at the attention his faculty has been getting, announced that he would set up a committee to review both cases. But only Levin has drawn campus protests—not just at City College either. Early in May, Levin was whisked out of a conference on "Urban Ethics" at Long Island University (he had just spoken on the topic, "White Fear of Black Crime Is Morally and Epistemically Justified") when more than fifty chanting protestors stormed the auditorium. "They really have no arguments, because they resorted to brute force," Levin said afterward. "Intellectually, I win."

The Levin affair may tell us something interesting about the racial attitudes of intelligent whites. In the wake of Robert Caro's second book on LBJ, white liberals have rallied to the defense of the Great Society. Johnson was a good man after all, the argument runs, because he did so much to help blacks. Yet, as the economic figures show, blacks have not been helped as their would-be helpers expected. Few sophisticated whites will openly conclude, in the manner of Michael Levin, that this is because blacks are, on average, unhelpable. Some will covertly assume it; others will be forced by the logic of continued black failure to claim that American society is devoutly, structurally, and increasingly racist; and both groups—the first concealing its reasoning, the second proclaiming it—will call for an increase in affirmative action. Those who believe that the programs of the Great Society were harmful, not helpful, however, can point to an external cause of black failure. Jack Kemp and Newt Gingrich may be the last real egalitarians left. □

Disabling the GOP

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHEN THE Senate passed the Americans with Disabilities Act last fall and sent it over to the House, members on both sides of the aisle were horrified by the bill. Under the guise of civil rights for the disabled, the Senate had passed a disaster for U.S. business. It was so bad that even the Democratic House leadership recognized the problems; it sent the bill to four separate committees for surgery, and, though there were significant improvements, there was a limit to the scope of the repairs. The reason? A united front of disability-rights activists and the White House. As we go to press the bill is expected to pass the House by an overwhelming margin.

The problems the bill would cause are almost unbelievable. For one thing, it would force all employers (excluding only the Federal Government

Miss Mandel is NR*'s congressional reporter.*

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and—perhaps fittingly under this Administration—country clubs) to retrofit their premises to make them fully accessible to disabled workers and patrons. Since access would now be a civil right, moreover, the cost would not be relevant—even if that means eliminating bus service or closing down businesses that cannot afford either compliance or the legal expenses of defending themselves in court. In addition, the bill would also, for the first time, grant homosexuals the right to sue over discrimination.

Much of the reason for this mess is that the White House last summer rushed to strike a deal with Senator Edward Kennedy and the disability lobbyists. The then–White House director of policy development, Bill Roper, helped Senate Labor Committee staffer Robert Silverstein and the disability lobbyists draft the "compromise" version. Ever since then the Administration has been refusing to deviate from the disability and civil-rights lobbies' position. Republican staffers say that all amendments were referred by the Administration to Pat Wright, executive director of the Disability Rights Education Defense Fund. Miss Wright and Chai Feldblum, legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, not only helped write the bill, they called most of the shots throughout the legislative process. "Chai and Pat control the votes on the Judiciary Committee," complains Representative Chuck Douglas (R., N.H.). Miss Wright and Miss Feldblum were in the audience at committee markups making signals to members, letting them know how to vote on the various amendments. After the Judiciary Committee markup, Mr. Douglas says, several Democrats came up to him saying, "You know, you were right on that [amendment]. I wish I could've voted with you."

Now, it's not unusual for Democrats to vote the way their interest groups tell them to. Nor is it that unusual for activists such as Miss Wright and Miss Feldblum to represent the Democrats during negotiations. Even having Miss Feldblum write the amendments and the House report language which spells out the terms of the bill isn't unprecedented. What is surprising is the deference shown by a Republican White House.

In at least some of the negotiations between Administration officials and

Joseph Borzotta

Democrats, Miss Feldblum acted as technical expert to both sides. And when a group of conservative Republican congressmen went to White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray seeking Administration support for their proposed amendments, he promptly took their list over to Miss Wright and her group's attorney, Arlene Mayerson, and later showed it to Miss Feldblum as well. The lobbyists approved three of the conservatives' amendments, added three of their own, and handed Mr. Gray back a package of six amendments the White House was permitted to support.

IN MANY WAYS this was but a rerun of what had happened in the Senate, where the White House lobbied against Republican-sponsored amendments, including one by Senator Bill Armstrong (R., Colo.) to exclude pedophiles, transvestites, compulsive gamblers, and practitioners of other types of anti-social behavior from protection under the bill. "The White House opposed any change in the legislation no matter how reasonable," says one Senate staffer who was there. Senator Armstrong offered his amendment anyway, and the Senate approved it.

But the House got the message. Members weren't about to do battle over the ADA bill. Instead, they took their place in line behind Administration officials, waiting their turn to speak with Miss Wright and Miss Feldblum. During the Judiciary Committee markup, a group of Republican members wanting to cut a deal went straight to Miss Feldblum rather than to the committee chairman, Representative Jack Brooks (D., Tex.).

However much the Administration has done for the disability-rights lobbyists, they have done little to reciprocate. The major concession the White House supposedly got from Senator Kennedy and friends last summer in return for supporting the bill was that it would not permit jury trials and million-dollar damage awards, keeping the remedies the same for the disabled as they are for women and minorities. This was a critical point, inasmuch as the bill is unclear about how far establishments must go to accommodate the disabled, leaving them wide open to lawsuits. (The House Judiciary Committee rejected an amendment offered by Republican Bill McCollum that would have limited the amount employers have to spend to a percentage of the disabled employee's annual salary.)

But a funny thing happened. Senator Kennedy introduced another piece of legislation—the Civil Rights Bill of 1990—that would amend the original 1964 Civil Rights Act so as to give women, minorities, and (in conjunction with the ADA) the disabled the right to jury trials and huge damage awards. In other words, it would negate the so-called concession. Democrats and disability-rights activists contend that they merely agreed to parity on remedies, nothing more. Attorney General Richard Thornburgh wrote members a letter saying that this was not the Administration's understanding, and that it would lobby for a clarifying amendment. But the White House did no such thing. True, Mr. Gray did make a half-hearted attempt to lobby Chairman Brooks at the last minute, but that was all the Administration did, and the clarifying amendment was defeated. Now Administration officials are saying they plan to let the ADA go and take a stand on the Civil Rights Bill instead. There aren't many Republicans who are still listening. □

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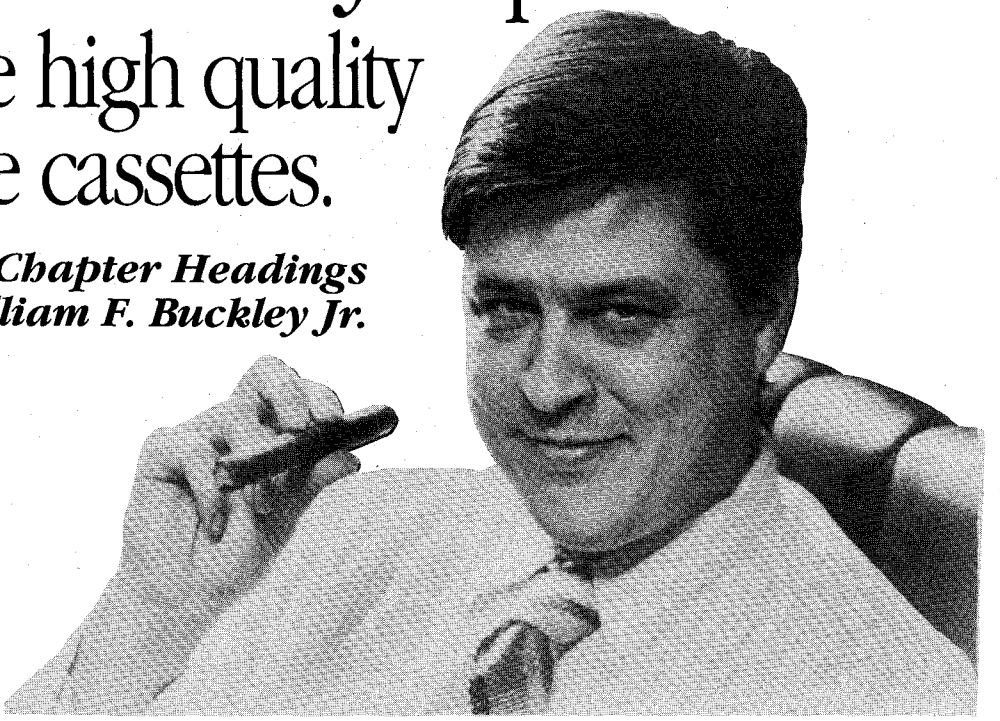

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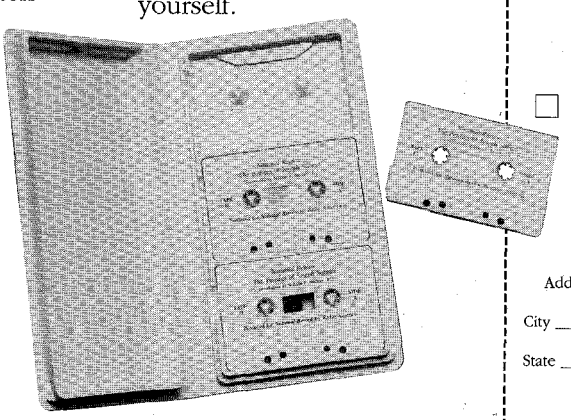

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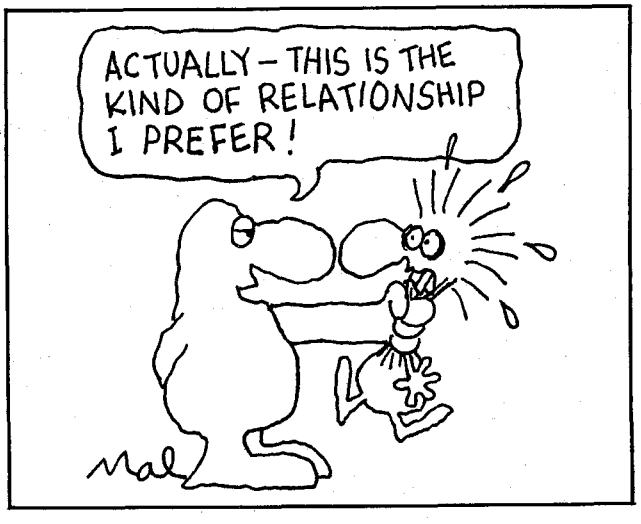

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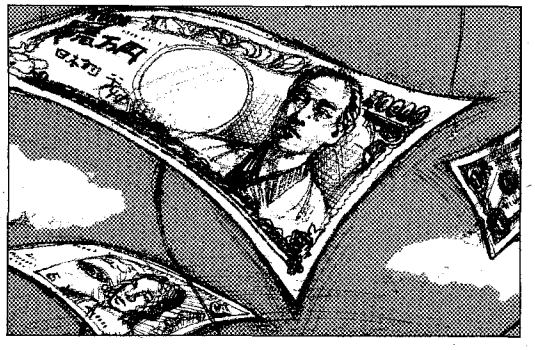
A Symposium

AS GOOD AS GOLD



In today's world of fiat currencies, cut loose from the gold standard, we are sailing in uncharted waters. To float? To peg? To bind? Is anything as good as gold? Professor Friedman poses the question; six eminent economists and businessmen respond.

MILTON FRIEDMAN

DISCUSSIONS of international monetary reform have generally scanted the difference between two superficially similar but basically very different exchange-rate arrangements. One arrangement is a unified currency: the pound sterling in Scotland, England, and Wales, and, at an earlier date, in Ireland as well; the dollar in the fifty states of the United States and in Panama; since the currency reform of 1983, the Hong Kong dollar and the U.S. dollar; farther back in time, the pre–World War I gold standard, when pound, dollar, franc, and Mark were simply different names for specified fixed amounts of gold.

The key feature of a unified currency is that at most one central bank has the power to create money—"at most" because a pure commodity currency does not require a central bank. The U.S. Federal Reserve System has 12 regional banks, but only one central authority (the Open Market Investment Committee) can create money. Scotland and Wales do not have central banks. Hong Kong does not have a central bank.

The maintenance of fixed rates of exchange between different parts of a unified-currency area is strictly automatic. No monetary or other authority need intervene. One pound in Scotland is one pound in England, plus or minus perhaps the costs of shipping currency or arranging book transfers—just as under the pre–World War I gold standard the rate of exchange between the dollar and the pound varied from $4.8665 only by the costs of shipping gold (yielding the so-called "gold points"). Similarly, 7.8 Hong Kong dollars is essentially simply another name for one U.S. dollar, plus or minus a trivial amount for transaction costs. It requires no financial operations by the Hong Kong currency board to keep the exchange rate there other than to live up to its obligation to give 7.8 Hong Kong dollars for one U.S. dollar and conversely. And it can always do so because it holds a volume of U.S.-dollar assets equal to the dollar value of the Hong Kong currency outstanding.

An alternative arrangement is a system of national currencies linked to one another at pegged exchange rates. The central banks undertake to maintain exchange rates at the agreed values by altering ("coordinating" is the favorite term) domestic monetary policy appropriately. Examples of such an arrangement are the International Monetary Fund (IMF) before 1971; and, currently, the European Monetary System (EMS).

IN MY OPINION, a system of pegged exchange rates among national currencies is worse than either extreme: a truly unified currency, or national currencies linked by freely floating exchange rates. The reason is that national central banks will not, under modern conditions, be permitted to shape their policies solely to keep exchange rates at the agreed level. Pressure to use monetary policy for domestic purposes will from time to time be irresistible. When that occurs, the exchange system becomes unstable. Pegged rates can be maintained for a time by governmentally arranged capital flows, by foreign-exchange controls, or by restrictions on international trade, but these are only temporary expedients and generally lead to the conversion of minor problems into major crises.

That was certainly the experience under Bretton Woods. Even in the heyday of the IMF pegged-rate system, exchange-rate changes were numerous and, when they came, often massive. The system lasted only so long as the U.S., first, followed a moderately non-inflationary policy and, second, was willing to be passive with respect to capital movements as well as exchange controls imposed by other countries.

Mr. Friedman is a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution and professor emeritus of economics at the University of Chicago.

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The successive monetary arrangements in the Common Market—the European Payments Union, the snake, the current EMS—suffered the same fate. None of them has been able to avoid exchange-rate changes, and several have simply broken down. The current EMS has been working reasonably well because West Germany has been willing to play the role that the U.S. played under Bretton Woods: pursue a moderately non-inflationary policy, and tolerate capital movements and foreign-exchange controls imposed by other member countries.

Many observers give the EMS credit for enabling its members, notably France, to reduce inflation in recent years. However, the decline in inflation was a worldwide phenomenon, by no means limited to members of the EMS.

Janet Hamlin

In my view, the worldwide inflation in the 1970s and disinflation in the 1980s are both linked to the end of the Bretton Woods pegged-exchange-rate system. Once the U.S. embarked on an inflationary monetary policy in the 1960s, the end of that system was inevitable, though the public execution was postponed until President Nixon closed the gold window on August 15, 1971. The world monetary system that has prevailed since has no historical precedent.

From time immemorial, money has existed, and, from time immemorial, it has been connected with a commodity, though the specific commodity has varied widely. From time to time, individual countries have cut the link and adopted fiat currencies, but almost always as a temporary response to a crisis, such as war, never as a permanent system. Of such episodes, Irving Fisher wrote in 1911, "irredeemable paper money has almost invariably proved a curse to the country employing it."

Now, for the first time, no major currency is linked to a commodity, however loosely; every major currency is a pure fiat currency. Moreover, this system is regarded not as temporary but as the normal state of affairs. The remaining gold holdings of central banks are simply the residual grin on a vanishing gold standard.

Since 1971, the countries of the world have been sailing on uncharted seas. Not surprisingly, the end of any restraint, however weak, on the creation of money initially led to a sharp acceleration in monetary growth in the United States, which spread to other countries as they sought for a time to keep their currencies from appreciating vis-à-vis the dollar. The result was the worldwide inflation of the 1970s.

That outburst of inflation discredited the simple-minded idea of any long-term trade-off between inflation and unemployment, reduced the fiscal benefits from inflation, and increased the public's aversion to inflation. It became politically profitable for countries to follow policies consistent with a sharp reduction in inflation. That occurred in the EMS, but it also occurred in Japan, in Britain, in the U.S., and in much of the rest of the world.

Two recent episodes illustrate by contrast the difficulty of relying on pegging one currency to another as a way to achieve disinflation. The first is Chile, which pegged her currency to the U.S. dollar in the late Seventies in order to promote the disinflation already in progress. Unfortunately for Chile, the U.S. dollar shortly embarked on a sharp appreciation against all other major currencies. The result was disaster: serious economic decline, indeed depression, the complete loss of credibility of government monetary policy, and the removal from office of those who had engineered the peg.

In 1985, Israel adopted the same policy for the same reason and pegged her currency to the U.S. dollar. The result was a great success because the dollar was poised for a sharp devaluation. The identical policy was utter disaster and shortsightedness in the one case; regarded as far-seeing wisdom in the other!

Recent British experience offers another cautionary tale. Former Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson tried to peg the pound to the West German Mark at three Marks to the pound at a time when the pound was tending to appreciate relative to the Mark. The result was a sharp rise in monetary growth that brought the attempt to an untimely end and left a legacy of inflation and high interest rates that Britain is still struggling to overcome.

A TRULY unified currency—such as the dollar in the fifty states, Panama, and Hong Kong or the proposed single European currency—makes a great deal of sense. But to achieve it where it doesn't exist—as in Europe today—requires eliminating all central banks, if the unified currency is a pure commodity currency, or all except one, if the unified currency is a fiat, or partly fiat, currency.

In Europe, the obvious choice for a single central bank would be the Bundesbank, which has been the dominant bank in the EMS. That would require eliminating the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Bank of Italy, and so on, or converting them into administrative branches of the Bundesbank. A possible alternative is the Bank for International Settlements, which would require eliminating the Bundesbank as well. It is hard to regard either of these possibilities as a serious option.

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The hope that a system of national central banks linked by pegged and managed exchange rates can prove a waystation to a truly unified currency seems to me an utter mirage. It will be no easier to abolish the central banks when such a system is in operation than before it starts. The prospect of a consortium of central banks operating as a unit, mimicking a single central bank, strikes me as equally farfetched.

Nearly four decades ago, I spent some months as a consultant to the U.S. Marshall Plan agency, analyzing the plan for the Schuman Coal and Steel Community, the precursor to the Common Market. I concluded then that true economic unification in Europe, defined as a single relatively free market, was possible only in conjunction with a system of freely floating exchange rates (I ruled out a unified currency on political grounds, if memory serves).

Experience since then has strengthened my confidence in that conclusion, though it has also made me far more skeptical that a system of freely floating exchange rates is politically feasible. Central banks will meddle, always of course with the best of intentions. Nonetheless, even dirty floating exchange rates seem to me preferable to pegged rates, though not necessarily to a unified currency. □

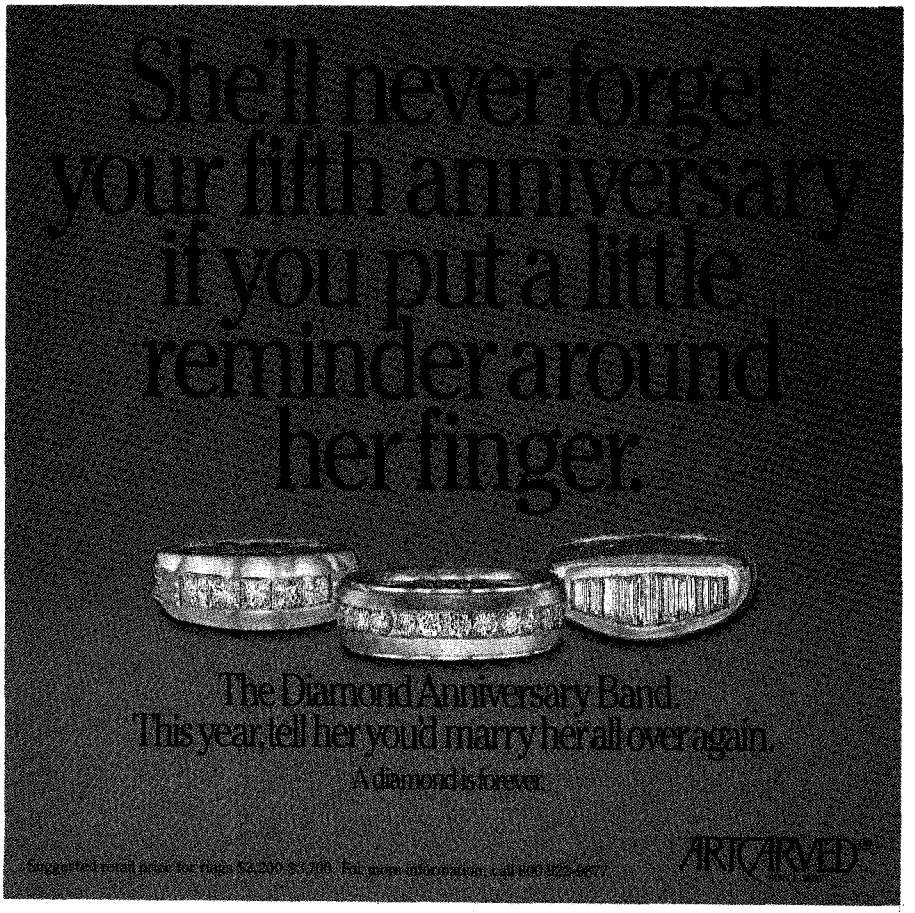
RIMMER DE VRIES

MILTON FRIEDMAN is no lover of exchange rates. His recipe: unify economic or monetary areas so as to obviate the need for exchange rates at all within those areas. And, if that is not possible, don't peg exchange rates but let them float freely, then more or less ignore them. There is an underlying truth in these views. It has become increasingly clear over the last few years that economists and authorities have become too preoccupied with exchange rates for their own sake, and have not enough about the forces and policies that move them. Efforts have concentrated on the superficial goal of determining and stabilizing reference rates, purchasing-power rates, target rates, and target zones. Fundamental efforts to achieve real stability have received little analysis and even less policy support.

Taking Dr. Friedman's views to heart, the Europeans, assuming they are still serious about unification, should speed up the establishment of a new European central bank. There is a real danger that the current emphasis on the "widening of Europe" (the creation of a Europe of up to 24 countries) will conflict with the "deepening of Europe." If the two objectives have to move forward together, the nucleus of European countries should soon launch a monetary zone with unified exchange rates in which one central bank determines all aspects of monetary policy. Of course, the creation of such a central bank may bog down in controversy over the content of its charter: whether it should be independent, or merely an adjunct to the governments' finance ministries. While the bank's charter must address significant issues, central-bank independence is always somewhat mythical. In any case, it is not critical for the purpose of creating a single currency. Much more important will be the degree of real freedom of movement for labor and capital within the zone, the right of corporate establishment, the development of uniform banking and security legislation, and so on.

As regards the exchange-rate relationship between the United States and Europe, and the United States and Japan, policy coordination should move away from exchange-rate intervention and statements about exchange rates. Instead, major changes in such rates should be treated by the authorities and analysts as useful indicators of underlying developments that carry policy implications. If exchange-rate trends are deemed undesirable, the authorities should not look for scapegoats, but rather identify the real culprits: for example,

Mr. de Vries is managing director of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.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excessive expansionary monetary policy (as has recently been the case in Japan); or inadequate improvement in the national savings rate (as in the case of the United States). Manipulating exchange rates by itself does nothing to improve long-run stability. In fact, it will only make matters worse. Fortunately, judging from the recent G-7 meeting in Paris, the manipulators seem to have lost out, at least for now. □

VACLAV KLAUS

EVEN FOR some Eastern Europeans, Milton Friedman's congressional testimony "The Case for Flexible Exchange Rates," written decades ago, represents a starting point for discussions of international monetary reform both in the world in general and in the former Comecon world in particular. In his current essay, Mr. Friedman—as usual—presents a very lucid text, stressing fundamentals and making a sharp distinction between a unified currency and a system of national currencies linked together at pegged exchange rates. His core argument is that "even dirty floating exchange rates seem . . . preferable to pegged rates, though not necessarily to a unified currency."

Milton Friedman knows that it is wrong to think in understatements and is ready to face the arguments of various interventionists who don't trust the market and hope they will be able to correct its results. In this respect the article is desirable and useful, and it reinforces the view long held in the academic community that price-fixing does more harm than good. Eastern European economists can deliver an endless stream of arguments supporting that conclusion.

Theoretically we can imagine a brave new world of idealistic (and powerful) central bankers who would maximize their utility by coordinating domestic monetary policies for the sole purpose of keeping the exchange rates of their respective currencies at the agreed level. Practically, I don't envision such a world because of the shortage of idealism, and because of specific national interests, differing economic conditions, and different economic (and social) priorities—leaving aside the more profound arguments of the public-choice school. Westerners undoubtedly have their own sufficient experience, but a heavy dose of "mutual economic cooperation" within Comecon in the last four decades makes us, in Eastern Europe, even more suspicious.

Current economic changes, growing disparities and shifts in wealth among competing nations, and *dirigiste* ambitions in part of the world as well as anti-*dirigiste* attempts in other parts place the old discussion of fixed versus flexible exchange rates into a new context. Looking at the European Monetary System as it is now or at Europe 1992 in its blueprints we see both success and failure. Milton Friedman is right to question whether the current EMS helped to disinflate some currencies (the French) or whether the worldwide disinflation was brought about by other factors. I find the arguments that stress the merits of the EMS unconvincing and for that reason have serious doubts about 1992. There may be a long-run tendency toward European integration (seen in decades, not years), but my experience with several preparatory meetings of the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development tells me that we are still a long way from eliminating all central banks (except one) in Europe. The unconditional surrender of all central banks in favor of one dominant bank is difficult to imagine.

The same over-optimistic reasoning is currently used even in Central and Eastern Europe. The dreams of facilitating the transition from a sheltered Comecon market to the competitive world market not alone but in a unified group of countries, of re-entering Europe together, of bringing back into use the European Payments Union among Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and the USSR belong to the same category. The countries in question differ much more than their Western European counterparts; they are dramatically, and at different speeds, restructuring their economies; they are searching for basic rules for sound monetary and financial policies; they are rediscovering their almost lost national identities. The last thing they need at present is to create a "poor men's club" of countries with weak and declining currencies. Milton Friedman's arguments are valid in this part of the world too. □

Mr. Klaus is Finance Minister of Czechoslovakia.

EVAN G. GALBRAITH

IT IS AMAZING that Nigel Lawson, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought he could, in order to protect UK exports, get away with pegging the pound to three Deutsche Marks. It is even more amazing that Margaret Thatcher let him try. If she had only talked to Milton Friedman first, she could have avoided the deep political doo-doo in which she is now mired. But then we would have been deprived of the modern-day example of how not to establish exchange-rate policy. Incidentally, we may have another case history developing: the French franc is also linked to the Mark, and inflation is low and the franc is strong. Many are worried that France's high-interest policy will lead to a loss of exports and a recession.

I do have a few nitpicks. They do not detract from Mr. Friedman's fundamental insight. Here they are: Hong Kong's commitment to the dollar is not like Scotland's to the pound—Hong Kong can pull out of the deal; the Federal Reserve system can create money by means other than its Open Market Committee; and the prospect of the EEC central banks operating together as an open-market unit is not as farfetched as Mr. Friedman apparently believes—indeed this is what the EEC will probably do. Also, Mr. Friedman is unfortunately silent on the influence of a new variant on the commodity sys-

Mr. Galbraith, a former U.S. ambassador to France, is with the investment-banking firm of Morgan Stanley.

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tem—Purchasing Power Parity—as an aid to perfecting the free-exchange market.

Fixed exchange rates are like drugs—the side effects are worse than the object of the cure and the habit is hard to kick. Mr. Friedman should open a rehabilitation clinic, with a discount for finance ministers. □

ALAN WALTERS

IN MY VIEW Mr. Friedman is right. The key issue is the investiture of the discretionary right to create money in either a government or a central bank or some foreign institution. As Europe debates monetary union, there is little sign that each country is willing to give up this right; on the contrary the French, for example, think that, in some consortium of Central Banks of Europe, they will get *more*, not less, control of German policy. This has led to the Bundesbank's adamant opposition to any loss of its independence.

As Mr. Friedman says, it would be a feasible solution for the Bundesbank to become the Central Bank of Europe and for the other central banks to give up their discretionary right to create money, manage interest rates, etc. But politically this is an unacceptable loss of sovereignty. I would argue, however, that the states may give up their sovereignty over money creation, not to a German bank or any other institution with discretionary powers, but to an automatic monetary mechanism that would ensure a non-inflationary money for Europe. A German Master is an anathema, but a monetary rule guaranteeing price stability *may* be tolerable. Such a commodity currency could be introduced at first as an alternative parallel currency, so that, with the elimination of legal tender and other restrictive laws, the people of Europe could freely settle on the money of their choice. It would be foolish, however, to imagine that the existing monetary authorities would willingly set up such an alternative, which would seriously erode their power. The demand will come only from those who have suffered from the long inflation.

As the most important current example of the dire consequences of pegging, Mr. Friedman might have discussed the sad case of Japan. From February 1987 through the Louvre agreement, Japan intervened on a massive scale to prevent the dollar from depreciating further. It spent yen to buy dollars. The only way to hold the dollar was to increase the quantity of yen. This led the Japanese to reduce their discount rates to the historic low of 2.5 per cent. This monetary expansion led to an explosion of asset prices, both in the stock market and in land; inflationary pressures became obvious and serious. The yen fell. The Japanese now have the painful task of raising interest rates and reducing monetary growth. It is doubtful if price stability can be achieved without a substantial fall in real growth, even perhaps a recession. The parallel between Japan and the United Kingdom is striking.

Adam Smith once remarked on the fact that any meeting of businessmen results in a conspiracy to raise prices. I would add that any meeting of governments for the "coordination" of exchange rates results in higher inflation. From the post-Smithsonian period, through the Bonn summit of 1978 to the Plaza and Louvre summits of 1987, I find this proposition is verified. □

Sir Alan Walters, who has served as an economic advisor to Margaret Thatcher, is a director of Putnam, Hayes & Bartlett, an international consulting firm.

JUDE WANNISKI

MILTON FRIEDMAN'S essay repeats the message that persuaded George Shultz, then President Nixon's Treasury Secretary, to float the dollar in early 1973. His belief was that the Federal Reserve could manage the real economy *and* keep inflation under control by keeping money-supply growth at a steady pace of about 3 per cent per annum.

The Friedman experiment was a colossal failure because it assumed a constant demand for money, but in the floating world, money demand fluctuated violently. It produced the worst inflation in U.S. history, cheated savers and government bondholders out of most of their holdings, destroyed the Presidencies of Nixon and Carter, and created the Third World debt crisis where local currencies relied on the dollar. The $500-billion S&L debacle can also be chalked up to the Friedman experiment, as institutions which had borrowed short to lend long were wrecked when the dollar was cut loose from its gold anchor. Neo-Keynesians, led by James Tobin of Yale, supported the Friedman experiment for their own reasons, believing in dollar devaluation as a policy tool.

In this essay, Professor Friedman repeats his assertion that "a system of pegged exchange rates among national currencies is worse than either extreme." His reason is not economic, but political, i.e., that "Pressure to use monetary policy for domestic purposes will from time to time be irresistible." But this need be true only if Nobel Laureates urge politicians to use monetary policy for "domestic purposes" as Friedman and Tobin did in 1971. As Robert Mundell pointed out years ago, it is not possible to achieve two policy objectives with one policy instrument.

Because the most important function of money is to serve the citizenry as a unit of account, monetary policy should be reserved exclusively for that policy objective. Professor Friedman correctly points out that Professor Tobin's inflation/unemployment tradeoff has proved disastrous. Professor Tobin long ago noted the failure of the Friedman money-quantity rule. These failed experiments undermine Dr. Friedman's assertion that "national central banks will not, under modern conditions, be permitted to shape their policies solely to keep the exchange rates of their currencies at the agreed level." There's no reason not to.

Mr. Wanniski is a former associate editor of the Wall Street Journal *and president of Polyconomics, Inc.*

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To that end, individual governments should forswear all other uses of monetary policy. They can do so individually, by making their currency convertible into gold at a fixed price. Or they can do so collectively, by pegging their currency to a neutral currency—the International Monetary Fund's SDR comes to mind—and *requiring* that the SDR be convertible to gold at a fixed rate. This takes care of Professor Friedman's political concern. □

ANTONIO MARTINO

PROFESSOR Friedman's argument is a timely restatement of a distinction he has underlined for many years, and whose importance today can be understood with respect to the monetary unification of Europe as envisioned by the Delors Report. According to this bizarre document, monetary unification will be achieved through a reduction in exchange-rate variations and an increase in "policy coordination." It's hard to understand the report's insistence on a strategy that has invariably failed.

Pegged exchange rates are not a necessary step toward a common European currency; on the contrary, they will result in divisiveness and frustration. The reason is that, under a system of pegged exchange rates, domestic-policy goals are at times incompatible with external balance. When such a conflict arises, the alternative to changing the exchange rate is imposing the burden of the adjustment on domestic macro-variables. Balance-of-payments equilibrium is then achieved without any change in the exchange-rate parity but at the cost of sacrificing domestic stability.

Such a choice is neither desirable nor likely to be made: should a country find itself forced to choose between pursuing domestic policy goals and adhering to "irrevocably fixed rates," it would most probably let the exchange rate adjust to a new equilibrium. The arrangement suggested by the Delors Report is, therefore, unlikely to succeed. Needless to add, the failure of the authorities to maintain their "irrevocably fixed rates" would result in frustration and discredit the idea of monetary unification.

Professor Friedman argues that to achieve a truly unified currency "where it doesn't exist—as in Europe today—requires eliminating all central banks, . . . or all except one." In my view, there is another, even more *Friedmanian*, possibility: that of giving up money as an instrument of policy. Under such an arrangement money creation would be entrusted to a fixed rule rather than to the discretion of monetary authorities. If the rule were enforced, there would be no central bank in the modern sense of the word.

The adoption of a monetary rule would be highly desirable per se if it eliminated the variability of monetary growth, with its accompanying economic instability. But it would also be the key to the creation of a common currency for Europe. All the justified worries about the surrender of national monetary sovereignty to a (politically irresponsible) European central bank would lose meaning if money were entrusted to agreed-upon rigid rules.

A common currency for Europe could provide a good chance for introducing the kind of constitutional discipline monetary economists and public-choice theorists have advocated for years. It's hard to tell whether politicians and central bankers will in the end become convinced by this argument, but one thing seems clear enough: the Delors Report approach is not likely to bring about a common currency in Europe. Since it does not solve (or even address) the problem of the shift of monetary sovereignty, it will lead nowhere.

If Europe does not get a common currency, it will not reap its great advantages and monetary policy will continue to be in the hands of "independent" central bankers. Money will then remain exposed to the temptation of politicians to use it to purchase consent. □

Mr. Martino, a professor of monetary history and policy at the University of Rome, is president of the Mont Pelerin Society.

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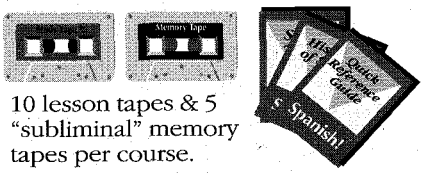

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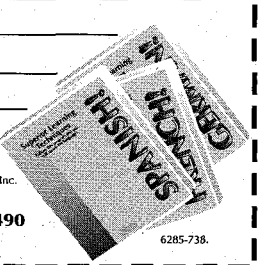

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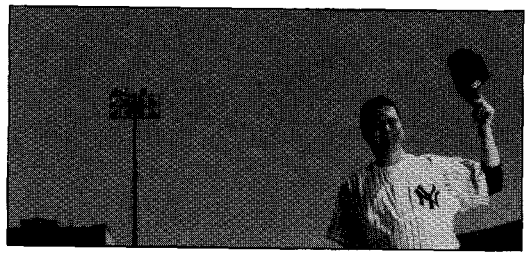

We are players or spectators of other sports, but citizens of baseball. Its Nielsen ratings and attendance figures go up and down, but it remains inextricably part of the American imagination.

JOSEPH SOBRAN

TED WILLIAMS began his autobiography by saying that when he was a kid, his only ambition was to have people say, as he walked down the street, "There goes the greatest hitter who ever lived." My own autobiography could start the same way. It would end differently, though.

In this I can confidently speak for millions of American males. Every little boy has his dreams of baseball glory from the first time he feels the delicious shock in the wrists of bat smashing ball and sees the ball rocket away into the outfield, faster and farther than he knew he could propel it. That's enough to keep him going through the long summers when he's picked last in the sandlot games, assigned to bat last, and ordered to play right field, where he gets yelled at by his teammates when he lets an easy grounder roll past him.

Not to play means missing out on the common experience of the male sex. And once you get into it, it's easy to get absorbed. In Ypsilanti, Michigan, I spent long winters studying baseball statistics to while away the endless cold grey days until the snow melted. Then, around mid March, we started our new season in the park, or any empty field. At that time of year it didn't feel good to connect. In the chill, hitting the ball stung your hands, and catching it hurt worse, so that you'd suck your breath through your chattering teeth. You tried to snag the ball in the webbing of your glove, even if you were a good fielder, because having it smack your palm was almost unbearable.

Our neighborhood games were played with no more than seven boys on a team: slow pitch, no catchers, no umpires. We'd lob pitches in so that everyone could hit and put the ball in play. Anyway, we were all afraid of fast pitching, though this fear was one of those things you didn't confess, like wetting the bed or getting beaten up by your sister.

But we had to face fast pitching in Little League, which turned out to be the fatal hurdle on my way to Cooperstown. To stand in there unflinching at balls whizzing in at upwards of thirty miles an hour simply required steelier nerves than mine. One who possessed such nerves was my teammate Eric Johnson, a big boy with thick glasses who could hit a speeding bullet, but couldn't catch a rolling beach ball. I can still see Eric staggering in center field, trying earnestly to get a fix on a lazy fly ball—it was a close game and the bases were loaded and oh Lord I knew what was coming. Only it was worse than I expected. The ball landed smack on the center of his skull. It was like an explosion: the ball, his cap, and his glasses blew apart simultaneously. As poor Eric groped for them all, in no special order, about seven runners streaked past me at third base.

The nonpareil of our league was Alan Bara, who at 12 had the poise and motion and narrow-eyed good looks of a big-leaguer. He already belonged on a baseball card. He'd take a perfect level cut into the ball, and it would rise on a line over the fence and just keep going. He also pitched, firing fastballs that would hit the catcher's mitt with a bang—the only pitches in the league that made that sound. Years later the local paper reported that he was hitting just over .200 in a medium-grade minor league. That gave me some inkling of what the competition in the majors must be like.

Fan without a Country

MY BIGGEST treat was to go to Briggs Stadium, forty miles away, when the Yankees were in town. The best part wasn't the game. It was watching Mickey Mantle take batting practice. Other players sometimes cleared the fences. Mantle would drive ball after ball deep into the upper deck, or even over the roof. Because of him I was a Yankee fan, defying kith and kin and local loyalties.

Baseball wasn't just something we played and watched. It was something we lived. We were players, fans, histo-

Mr. Sobran, a senior editor of NR, *writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*

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rians, statisticians, philosophers, *citizens* of baseball. The game was the ground of our comradeship and the stuff of our meditations and the only future we could imagine for ourselves:

lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.

My best friend, Terry Larson, was the same way I was, with two enviable advantages. He owned *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*. And his parents took the morning paper, which meant that Terry arrived at the school bus stop every morning with the latest scores and other news. One cool, sunny May morning Terry announced that Harvey Haddix had pitched 12 perfect innings the night before, only to lose in the 13th. Good old Terry always knew something I didn't. Or at least he knew it *before* I did, which gave him a certain edge, a momentary authority. We played catch, invented table games based on hitting and pitching stats, read John R. Tunis's baseball novels, and laughed at the game's great anecdotes. When our interest in baseball waned in adolescence, our friendship did too. We stayed on good terms, but we had less to talk about, no shared passion.

I quit playing and following baseball in the early Sixties, just when Roger Maris was hitting 61 home runs, Sandy Koufax was ripening into the greatest pitcher who ever lived, and the Yankees' long dominance of the game was finally coming to an end.

When I started following it again, in 1966, I felt like a Japanese soldier who had spent several seasons alone on a desert island. Returning home, as it were, I was struck by what a large part of America's daily life *talking* baseball is. A cheerful part, too. In the Detroit area it helped that the Tigers had a solid team in those days. In 1968, with Denny McLain winning 31 games, they got many of their victories in the late innings and won the World Series in wonderfully hair-raising fashion.

I needed baseball in 1968. It was gratifyingly sealed off from the real world, which was being dominated that season by Lyndon Johnson, Abbie Hoffman, and Ho Chi Minh. Baseball offered an experience that was public, but apolitical. So it has always been. A few years later, playing and just talking baseball became a chief connection with my own kids. For them, even in my twenties, I was the grizzled bard of the game, recounting the great archaic legends. Even now my twenty-year-old son Mike tells me the baseball news every morning, just like Terry used to do.

An Accessible Past

BASEBALL is inexhaustible. In loving it you are also loving many other things: summer, youth, skill, grace, camaraderie, courage, tradition, fair play, and whatever fragrances your own memory supplies.

Baseball already has its history and mythology, but its statistical lore gives it a special dimension, making its whole past accessible. And arguable.

Are today's players as good as the old ones? Much better, according to Bill Deane, a baseball historian. He figures that fewer than a third of 1901's big-leaguers could make the majors today. The talent pool is bigger now: the male population has tripled, and you don't have to be white to play. The players are notably taller. The very fact that the old heroes' stats were more extreme than today's suggests that the competition was less intense.

No pitcher today would be counseled, as the old ones were, to "save your best stuff" for crucial moments. Try to imagine a pitcher throwing forty or so complete games today, or an outfielder hauling Babe Ruth's paunch. Rogers Hornsby might still win six straight batting crowns, but nobody thinks he'd sustain a five-year average of over .400 against today's pitching (and relief pitching). It's more likely that Wade Boggs would have hit .450 in the Twenties. A new and sophisticated form of statistical analysis called "sabermetrics" is resolving many of the old debates about such matters, though some factors—like the vast improvements in fielders' gloves—elude reckoning.

One intangible though visible change is in players' attitudes. Oldtimers insist that their generation was simply more dedicated to the game. A sulker like Darryl Strawberry was inconceivable in those days. Beyond that, Williams recalls that in his time players used to study and discuss the techniques of hitting endlessly during off-days; now they don't. DiMaggio has said similar things, more bemused than querulous. The frequency of the strikeout in modern baseball shows the declining premium placed on just making contact with the ball. Williams and DiMaggio both hit home runs nearly as often as they struck out. Last year's home-run leaders, Fred McGriff and Kevin Mitchell, hit 36 and 47 homers but fanned 132 and 115 times.

Has big money taken the edge off the desire to excel? Maybe. Probably. But how much? Unanswerable. The highest salary now is around $4 million. Even adjusting for inflation, that tops the $5,000 Ralph Kiner got in 1946, when he led the National League in homers with 23. He also got $4,000 in 1947, when he hit 51, after the Pirates' general manager had refused his request for a raise with airtight logic: "We finished last with you, we can finish last without you." Mantle generated millions in profits for the Yankees when he won the Triple Crown in 1956, for which he was paid $32,500. When he went in to negotiate a raise, the general manager, George Weiss, pulled out a private detective's detailed re-

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port on Mantle's nightlife, remarking what a pity it would be if it fell into Mrs. Mantle's hands. (And they complain about George Steinbrenner.)

It's hard to begrudge the players their new prosperity. But there's no question they are allowed to be more temperamental than formerly, thanks to free agency. This has gotten to be a joke. In 1976 the Tigers put 47-year-old Al Cicotte on their roster for four days, strictly as a favor (he needed four games to be eligible for a pension). He hadn't pitched since 1962, and his circumference required a specially tailored uniform. When his pal Ralph Houk, the Tigers' manager, jocosely assured local sportswriters that Cicotte probably wouldn't be seeing much action, Cicotte roared: "Play me or trade me!"

When comparing the quality of today's baseball with that of yesteryear's, it's important to bear in mind the St. Louis Browns. Through most of their existence, the Browns occupied a rung somewhere between seventh place and the Gulag Archipelago. But it's an ill wind that blows no man good, and World War II, by draining baseball of most of its talent for three years, reshuffled the standings so thoroughly that in 1944 the Browns won their first and only pennant. (When a newly captured American pilot related this news to his fellow Americans in a German POW camp, they assumed he must be a German plant. He was ostracized and tormented until a subsequent captive confirmed his story.)

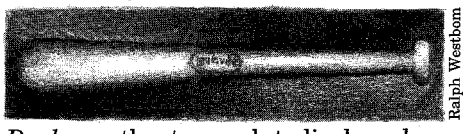
At least nobody argues that baseball was at its best during the war. The majors were filled with athletes who had been classified 4-F by their draft boards, and the Browns had the distinction of using a one-armed outfielder named Pete Gray. After the war, they once used a midget as a pinch-hitter—an inspiration of owner Bill Veeck, who himself had only one leg. Veeck tried to rebuild the team by replacing veterans with young players, but that effort came a cropper when, before one game with the Yankees, the Browns' hard-bitten manager, Zack Taylor, found that several of his rookies were missing. He finally spotted them over in the Yankee dugout, seeking autographs. "Damnedest thing I ever saw," Taylor snorted.

After finishing last again in 1953, the Browns were sold and moved to Baltimore, leaving behind the most dismal peacetime record in baseball history. If they had existed during the Hundred Years War, they might have been formidable.

Anyway, when someone tries to tell you baseball was better in the old days, ask him if he's including the St. Louis Browns. The Browns' pitching staff alone helps explain why there used to be .400 hitters back then. If they put an asterisk beside Maris's 61 home runs for having been hit over 162 games, they should put one beside DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak for having been compiled against the likes of Eldon Auker, who that year gave up 268 hits (and 85 walks) in a mere 216 innings, with a 5.50 ERA to boot.

Good Books, Lousy Movies

BASEBALL has inspired many good books and lousy movies. The latter include several recent hits: *The Natural*, *Bull Durham*, and *Field of Dreams*. They all have essentially the same fault: they don't respect baseball. They rely on the smirky, the maudlin, the miraculous to generate emotion. They try to *force* the audience to react, going for the guffaw or the lump in the throat without earning honest sentiment. In *Bull*



Ralph Westbom

Durham, the team slut displays her sophisticated awareness of quantum physics by repeatedly using the phrase "quantum physics." She makes no mention of Heidegger or Derrida, from which you can safely infer that the scriptwriter has never heard of them, because he'd surely have stuck their names in too. It's that sort of movie.

Not that a baseball movie has to display expert knowledge of the game in order to be good. *Eight Men Out*, a straightforward account of how the 1919 World Series was fixed, is an honorable failure (it's just a little flat and unfocused). But a baseball drama has to find its power in the normal achievements and emotions of baseball itself, without impossible heroics or smutty farce. Winning a close game is dramatic enough to hold a crowd's attention in a stadium, and ought to be able to do the same in a theater. Tunis's boys' books found plenty of tension in the typical situations of sport: conquering fear, coming back from an injury, putting the team ahead of yourself.

The baseball book of the season is George Will's *Men at Work*, a study of what Will calls baseball's "complexities and nuances," formerly known as the fine points of the game. (If they kept stats on fancy words, "nuances" would be crowding "parameters" for first place in 1990.) Whatever you want to call them, Will writes about them with a fine eye for the telling statistic and a deep sense of what statistics don't tell you. Like all the best baseball writing, the book assumes that baseball deserves intelligent attention and doesn't need to be talked down to.

In his introductory and concluding pages, Will flags a little. He argues, for instance, that being an intelligent fan is "a form of appreciating that is good for the individual's soul, and hence for society." Feeble rationalization. Like any true baseball lover, Will wouldn't care if baseball dissolved your moral fiber and got you arrested by the secret police. Baseball justifies itself, like music. It doesn't have to be *good* for you, like a sermon, into the bargain.

Nevertheless, baseball does have its own kind of moral appeal. It's free of the frequent ugliness of other team sports: the fights and fouls and pilings-on that are characteristic of football, basketball, and hockey, if not intrinsic to them. Bad-conduct penalties of any kind are exceptional in baseball. You (almost) never see a play in baseball canceled by a penalty—and even the (almost) is necessitated only by the notorious "pine-tar incident." (Every fan remembers it.)

Baseball is a deeply orderly game. The distinctiveness of its component actions—pitching, hitting, fielding, and base-running—makes them available to separate attention, measurement, analysis, and judgment. Every player's contribution to every play is recorded and given value. The statistics are rarely misleading. If you want to know who the American League's best second baseman of the Thirties was, well, as Casey Stengel used to say, "You could look it up." Try that with defensive linemen.

Other sports thrill; baseball also absorbs. It's the most discussable game, and it's the national pastime largely because we can talk about it so volu-

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bly long after we can play it. No other sport binds the generations the way baseball does.

Because it's so thoroughly recorded, baseball has a genuine history. It also has a continuity that the other major team sports don't have. "The NFL keeps changing the most basic rules," Thomas Boswell observes. "Most blocking now would have been illegal use of the hands in Jim Parker's time. How do we compare eras when the sport never stays the same?" In fact, none of the other three sports is the same game it was as recently as the Fifties, for all sorts of reasons. Wilt Chamberlain's season scoring records will never be broken, simply because nobody will ever again play against as many white players as Chamberlain did. (If you want a sure-fire laugh, ask a basketball fan whether Michael Jordan is as great as George Mikan.)

The statistical discreteness of individual performance, set against the game's stable history, gives achievement in baseball a permanence and stature other sports can seldom confer. And even racial integration hasn't devalued the old records; in fact, most fans—including experts—doubt that Henry Aaron was a greater slugger than the man whose supreme record he broke. Lawrence Ritter reckons that with as many times at bat as Aaron, Ruth would have hit 1,064 home runs. Be that as it may, heroism in baseball is more perduring than in other American sports, and does much to account for the splendid literature baseball has produced. Nearly every fan has read John Updike's description of Williams's last game.

Old and Ever New

AND OF COURSE baseball is always with us, 162 games a year. We get to know the players, unhidden by helmets and shoulder pads. Nobody calls it an "upset" when the worst team beats the best. Old as it is, baseball is forever making fresh news. It just keeps rolling along, and even the Pete Rose scandal can't pollute it.

Racial integration has worked better in baseball than in any other area of American life. The game has an unforced racial and ethnic balance. It succeeds because the rules are really impartial. Baseball is a refuge from "social justice." What it offers instead is simple fairness. There are no "racist" balls and strikes, no "affirmative action" balls and strikes, only balls and strikes.

The umpires don't care who deserves to win on moral, progressive, or demographic grounds. Their role is modest but crucial, and would be corrupted if they brought any supposed Higher Purpose to their work. They care only about the rules. The Supreme Court could learn from them.

The rules themselves are remarkably few. They're designed only to facilitate performance, never to hinder it, beyond maintaining a certain equilibrium between offense and defense. In baseball we enjoy what we no longer find in politics: the Western genius for rule-making.

A large part of that genius lies in changing the rules as seldom as possible. Baseball is older than the income tax, but its rules can still be printed in a small pamphlet; the tax code runs to several thousand pages. If you've played baseball you can intuit most of the rules without reading them, and you don't need a lawyer to explain them to you. They arise from the game's internal logic and never seem to have been superimposed for alien or interested purposes.

In politics, men are elected to bend the rules in someone's favor. It shouldn't surprise us when they break them too. A key difference between baseball and democracy is that in baseball the winners don't get to rewrite the rules. And it never occurs to the losers to blame the rules for their losses. Our deepest norms of order can still be seen in operation on the diamond when they've been adulterated everywhere else. Baseball is our Utopia—not in assuring us of the victories we dream of, but in guaranteeing ideal conditions even of defeat. □

POLITICS

BUSH LEAGUE

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The scene was Senator Bob Dole's office in the Capitol building, a week after the White House had set off a firestorm by announcing that President Bush was not ruling out tax increases at the upcoming budget summit with the Democrats. In the room were Republican leaders from the House and the Senate, and the pro-tax faction—Senator Dole (Kan.), Senator Alan Simpson (Wyo.), and House Minority Leader Bob Michel (Ill.)—were trying to soothe ruffled feathers by telling the group that they "understood" if other members had to cover themselves on the tax question. But please don't lead a public revolt.

This is the word Bush operatives have been putting out all over town in an effort to stave off a rebellion. Their problem is that no one else is buying it, having been burned before on a host of issues from China to clean air, and White House requests to keep silent have boomeranged. The Heritage Foundation's Ed Feulner sent a strong letter to the President emphasizing the importance of keeping his word, which came on the heels of a Heritage Executive Memorandum called, "In the Battle of the Budget, Bush Should Read His Own Lips." Groups such as Citizens for a Sound Economy and the Chamber of Commerce have mobilized their troops, and 18 Republican senators signed a letter from Connie Mack (Fla.) urging the President to keep his pledge. With all the opposition this has provoked, Bush probably can't cave in on taxes now, but no one is betting the farm on it. "It'd be difficult," says Senator Trent Lott (R., Miss.), "but I saw Reagan do it."

Even if he ends up not raising taxes, Bush has hurt the party. With David Letterman now making jokes on nationwide TV ("Read my lips: I was lying") and Democrats saying the same—on the House floor Robert Torricelli (N.J.) accused him of "intellec-

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tual dishonesty"—the President has opened himself up to charges of expediency, and he risks taking away the one issue that Republicans still have. Coming on top of his support of everything from the Americans with Disabilities Act to new clean-air legislation, it has triggered complaints about "the Rockefeller White House." More damaging is what this does to chances for a GOP takeover of Congress.

"The major difference between the two parties that came out of the Reagan campaigns was that the American people understood that Republicans were opposed to raising taxes and that Democrats would raise them any chance they could get," says the president of Americans for Tax Reform, Grover Norquist. "By saying 'I'll think about' what used to be a principle, Bush has blurred that line, perhaps irretrievably."

For this reason it wasn't surprising to find that first off the mark in criticism was Ed Rollins, co-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, responsible for electing Republicans to the House, who called it a "disaster." Rollins estimates that if Bush caves in on taxes it may cost Republicans ten seats or more, in that this is an off-year election with 17 Republicans retiring. No surprise, either, that the eight congressmen running for the Senate were right in there with their own letter urging Bush to stand firm.

"I don't think any incumbent is going to have a problem because of this," says Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.). "But the poor guy out in Michigan or Illinois is getting mixed signals, with the press now asking him whether they're going to stick with the President or with their no-tax principles. That kind of question can kill them."

Too Clever by Half

NOW, one school of thought has it that the whiz kids at the White House are so-o-o-o very clever, they know exactly what they're doing, and the whole idea is to set up the Democrats into asking for more taxes and then have Bush put the kibosh on it. But there are a lot of ifs here, and if Bush was not considering tax increases, why are his people frantically calling all over town trying to squelch anti-tax sentiment? Why has Budget Director Dick Darman been out there preaching doom-and-gloom about the deficit? Why, too, has Minority Whip Newt Gingrich, who will be in on the budget powwow, refused to help circulate a letter that already has 111 of the needed 147 members saying they would support a veto of any new taxes? Come to think of it, why have we gone from Republicans threatening Democrats with a sequester in January to Democrats threatening the Republicans with one today?

For a man who prides himself on loyalty, moreover, it's surprising how willing Bush has been to sacrifice Republican allies whenever expedient. On the Americans with Disabilities Act, he essentially let Kennedy's staff and the lobbyists write it [see "Disabling the GOP," page 20]. On the horrendous Civil Rights Bill now before the Senate he had Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) lead the opposition and then cut his legs out from under him with the announcement that he would sign a milder bill after all. On China he put a full-court press on GOP senators to back his veto of the Pelosi Bill to protect Chinese students here, promising to issue an executive order that would do the same thing; as it turned out, he didn't do it until the *Washington Post* exposed him. Again, Republicans were hung out to dry.

No doubt the biggest irony of all is that the same Republicans and conservatives who are shouting so loudly about reneging on taxes may prove to be the ones to pull the President's butt from the fire. The reason is that their public campaign makes it almost impossible for Bush to raise taxes without losing all credibility. If he does, it probably won't affect him much in the next election, given the state of the Democratic Party—but other Republicans will be crucified.

"It's what the Democrats have been after ever since Bush took office," says one angry Senate staffer. "If he caves there will be 24 hours of good will and the next two years of calling him a liar." □

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

CHURCH, STATE, AND PEYOTE

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

FROM the sacramental use of peyote in Oregon one would not expect a revolution in constitutional law, but that is what appears to have happened. Conservatives are sharply divided by this surprising development. Referring to the decision of the Supreme Court in *Employment Division* v. *Smith*, George Will writes, "Scalia's position is not only sound conservatism, it is constitutionally correct: it is the intent of the Founders." William Ball, however, a staunchly conservative champion of limited government who has argued historic cases before the Supreme Court, writes, "The Court has used a trivial circumstance as the vehicle for a catastrophic decision." Among the disagreements involved is whether the price of democracy is the prohibition or the protection of behavior that is inconvenient to the majority.

The decision in *Employment Division* v. *Smith* was 6 to 3, with Justice Sandra Day O'Connor joining in the conclusion but vigorously protesting the rationale set forth in Justice Antonin Scalia's majority opinion. There is no dispute about the "trivial circumstances" of the case. Two Oregon men, both members of the Native American Church, were fired from their jobs and denied unemployment benefits for participating in a sacramental rite that involves ingesting peyote. Unlike 23 other states and the Federal Government, Oregon makes no exception in

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its drug laws for the religious use of peyote. The men argued that Oregon had violated their First Amendment right to the "free exercise" of religion. (The Religion Clause, extended to the states under the Fourteenth Amendment, reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . .")

Balancing Act

THE STANDARD procedure in such cases, Justice O'Connor convincingly demonstrates, is to "balance" the free-exercise claim against the government's interest in enforcing a law. No right is absolute, and that includes rights of speech, assembly, and religious freedom. But it has traditionally been held that these First Amendment rights are "constitutionally preferred." It is up to the state to prove a "compelling government interest" in enforcing a law that restricts them. In other words, the benefit of the doubt is on the side of freedom, and the burden of proof rests with the government to show why it is necessary for freedom to be infringed or denied. In this case, some might agree with Justice O'Connor that there was a compelling government interest in Oregon's banning of peyote.

But Justice Scalia's opinion would remove the test of compelling government interest altogether—at least in relation to freedom of religion. Justice O'Connor rightly notes that the opinion "dramatically departs from well-settled First Amendment jurisprudence." Other constitutional scholars have called the opinion "revolutionary." One distinguished law professor and longtime admirer of Scalia says privately that Scalia's reading of prior decisions is "intellectually dishonest" and his conclusion "judicially wanton." Whether or not such language is justified, we may well wonder why a conservative Justice would write an opinion that so greatly expands government power, and why four other justices of a generally conservative bent (Rehnquist, White, Kennedy, Stevens) would go along with it.

Scalia construes the twin guarantees of the Religion Clause (or, as others prefer, the Religion Clauses) as narrowly as possible. "No establishment" and "free exercise" mean that the state can neither coerce nor prohibit religious belief and profession. That's it. Scalia recognizes that, by this definition, there have not been and are not likely to be any laws that violate the Constitution. As for "free exercise" in the form of conduct, Scalia says that is up to legislatures. They can, if they wish, exempt religious conduct from certain laws, but there is no constitutional requirement that they do so. In a conclusion that is both candid and chilling, Scalia faces up to the majoritarian import of his argument: "It may fairly be said that leaving accommodation [of religious conduct] to the political process will place at a relative disadvantage those religious practices that are not widely engaged in." But that, he says, is the "unavoidable consequence of democratic government," and is preferable to the anarchy that would result if people were allowed to claim religious exemption from the laws.

Lisa Haney

The fear of anarchy, however, is the conventional argument against all freedoms—religious, political, and economic. It is the argument employed from time immemorial to justify expansive state power. As the Founders of this Republic well understood, it matters little whether the rights of individuals and minorities are violated by a monarch or by a majority in the name of democracy. The dissenters in *Employment Division* v. *Smith* invoke the words of Justice Robert Jackson: "The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

Scalia says that America "cannot afford the luxury" of making exceptions to general laws that may incidentally restrict religious freedom. Our forebears, however, did not view the Bill of Rights as a list of luxuries. The very idea was to protect minority rights and interests from the tyranny of the majority. Admittedly, Scalia's reasoning is not without its attractions. If it became established doctrine, it would neatly extricate the Court from having to make decisions about the merits of religious claims. The Court has not distinguished itself in its rulings on the Religion Clause, issuing over the years a hodgepodge of decisions that have made maddeningly volatile the meaning of both "free exercise" and "no establishment." Since the Court has made such a mess of its interpretation, Scalia's tack is to forget about the Religion Clause. More precisely, he suggests that the Clause is redundant, that religion can be adequately protected by other First Amendment guarantees, such as the guarantees of free speech and assembly.

The inconvenient fact, however, is that the Religion Clause is right there in the text, and that should presumably carry some weight with conservative judges committed to a jurisprudence of "original understanding." Scalia's opinion is strikingly devoid of any argument on the constitutional text and its historical context. In addition, as Justice O'Connor argues, if the Court were to extricate itself from

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all areas of constitutional law that pose great difficulties, the Court would soon be out of business. Hard cases, she suggests, are what judges are for.

In addition to simplifying the Court's work, there is another apparent attraction in Scalia's reasoning. *If* in subsequent cases the Court were to treat "no establishment" the way it treats "free exercise" in *Smith*, new opportunities might be opened for government support for religious schools and other activities. To be sure, that is a jumbo-sized if. The Court has been anything but consistent when it comes to the Religion Clause, and it is doubtful that four other Justices would stick with Scalia in taking his logic all the way. Perhaps Scalia himself is not prepared to do that. But the logic of *Smith* appears to be clear. If a "free exercise" complaint cannot be upheld against what Scalia calls a "law of general applicability," then it would seem to follow that a "no establishment" complaint is similarly excluded. When religion is no longer a judicially recognized category, it becomes a matter of constitutional indifference whether, for instance, a school receiving government funds is operated for religious purposes. Many Americans might welcome what would be tantamount to erasing "no establishment" from the Constitution. Given the Court's habits of inconsistency, however, we might end up with the worst of two worlds: the constraints of "no establishment" absent the liberties of "free exercise." Trading the erasure of "free exercise" for the erasure of "no establishment" might seem like a good deal, until we consider what it would mean in both practice and theory.

Acting on Belief

ACCORDING to Scalia, "religion" in the Constitution is confined to belief and profession. The state can do little or nothing about the former, and the latter is protected as free speech. The dissenters in *Smith* convincingly show, however, that the law has traditionally recognized that "free exercise" also includes conduct. People *do things* as a consequence of what they believe and profess. If conduct were removed from "free exercise," many laws of "general applicability" would leave religion naked in the face of state power. Labor-relations laws would apply to clergy and church workers, including those who take a vow of poverty. State regulations could turn religious schools into clones of public schools. Anti-discrimination laws could make illegal the exclusion of homosexuals, and for that matter atheists, from positions of religious leadership. "Discrimination" that prevents women from being ordained in some churches would be unlawful. It takes little effort to imagine the lawsuits being readied in the wake of *Smith*.

Alarmist nonsense, Scalia might respond. His argument is that legislatures can make religious exemptions from such general laws. And if a group can't muster a majority in the legislature? Well, that's tough, but it's the price we pay for democracy. More precisely, it's the price *they* pay for *our* democracy. This is a curious argument coming from a Roman Catholic Justice. Scalia, with Kennedy, who is also Catholic and who joined in the decision, seems to have forgotten that not so very long ago, in the *us–them* dichotomy in this country, Catholics were *them*. Scalia's opinion ignores the fact that the many cases that have been brought to the Court for remedy have been brought precisely because legislatures did *not* accommodate free exercise. Curious and ominous, too, is Scalia's citing as precedent two cases in which the Court curtailed religious conduct. One involved a person in prison and the other a person in the military. Prison and the military, most of us might think, are not contexts pertinent to defining the constitutional rights of citizens in a free society. *Smith* smells of the statist fear that freedom might get out of hand.

Scalia says that *Smith* does not overturn a 1972 decision that is thought to be the high-water mark of "free exercise" jurisprudence. In *Yoder* v. *Wisconsin*, the Court upheld the religious objection of Old Order Amish to keeping their children in school until age 16. George Will writes that Scalia's claim that *Yoder* "is compatible with the principle he now asserts is unconvincing." William Ball argued *Yoder* before the Court, and on this point he agrees completely with Will. Against Scalia, Ball says that there is no way that *Yoder* could have been won other than by forcing the state to prove a compelling interest that overrides the religious conviction of Amish parents. In *Yoder* the government failed to pass that test. In *Smith* that test has been abolished. The question is whether the Constitution restrains the state from riding roughshod over the religious beliefs and behavior of the citizenry, including the beliefs and behavior of minorities. Until now, the consensus has been that that indeed is the original, and therefore the right, understanding of the First Amendment.

The Scalia logic raises questions that drive to the heart of the American polity. George Will recognizes this, and cheers the challenge posed by *Smith*. He says the decision accords with the thinking of "Saint Thomas" (Jefferson, not Aquinas) and with "the cool realism and secularism" of the Founders. The goal, says Will, is "the subordination of religion to the political order." "Religion," he writes, "is to be perfectly free as long as it is perfectly private—mere belief—but it must bend to the political will (law) as regards conduct." Will's formula fits very nicely "the naked public square," the situation in which religion is rigorously excluded from public life.

Father of Religious Freedom

THE DECISIVE figure for religious liberty and the First Amendment, however, is not Thomas Jefferson but James Madison. In his famed *Memorial and Remonstrance*, Madison wrote: "Before any man can be considered as a member of Civil Society, he must be considered as a subject of the Governor of the Universe: And if a member of Civil Society, who enters into any subordinate Association, must always do it with a reservation of his duty to the general authority; much more must every man who becomes a member of any particular Civil Society do it with a saving of his allegiance to the Universal Sovereign." Michael McConnell, a constitutional historian at the University of Chicago, comments on this passage, "The freedom of religion is thus inalienable because it is a duty to God rather than a privilege of the individual. Religious freedom is a recognition not of the dignity of the individual (although that is its effect), but of the division of authority between earthly and spiritual sovereigns."

McConnell observes that the Constitution's free-exercise guarantee "represents a new and unprecedented

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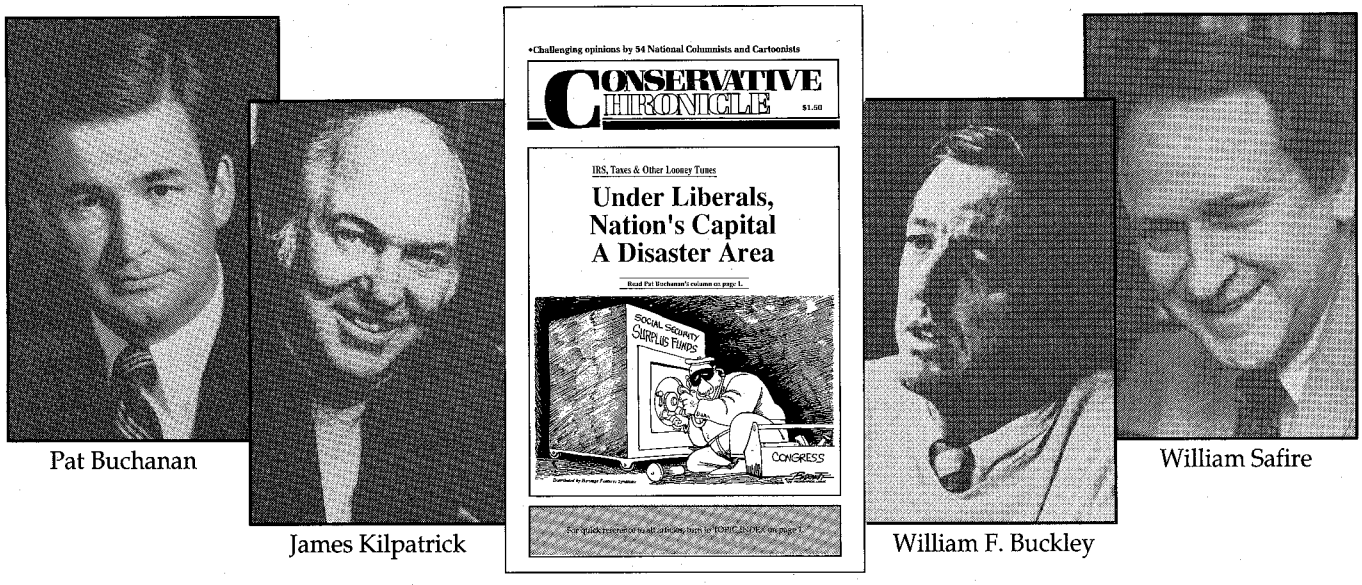
Great Ideas. Great Minds.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conception of government and its relation to claims of higher truth and authority." The Supreme Court, says McConnell, "errs if it attempts to calm or suppress religious fervor by confining it to the margins of public life." "Even the mighty democratic will of the people," he writes, "is, in principle, subordinate to the commands of God, as heard and understood in the individual conscience. In such a nation, with such a commitment, totalitarian tyranny is a philosophical impossibility." There is a necessary tension between loyalty to God and to country; claims of ultimate right are pitted against the power of the state. "To that conflict," wrote Lord Acton, "we owe the rise of civil liberty."

The public status of the religious claim to a higher duty is the foundation of limited government. In refusing to acknowledge the constitutional status of that claim, *Smith* lays the theoretical groundwork for a massive expansion of state power, and not only in the sphere of religion. A coalition of religious, academic, and legal leadership, representing a perhaps unprecedented range of ideological leanings, is petitioning the Court to reconsider the decision. One would not have expected questions of such moment to be raised by the ingesting of a little peyote. □

THE OPEN QUESTION

WHY CAP IS WRONG

ROBERT C. McFARLANE

FOR MOST of our history we have been able to count on public figures to contribute to our political maturation through memoirs dealing with their stewardship in office. Such records are necessarily biased, for they describe events from one person's perspective. Yet, because most of our statesmen have been just that, and honest as well, such modest exaggerations and even errors as their testaments may include are forgivable. Paul Nitze's recently published memoir of the cold war is an especially praiseworthy example of the genre. It provides a rich and instructive tableau of the evolution of both policy and process in our government during the past fifty years. George Kennan and Henry Kissinger made equally valuable contributions of serious scholarship. Not so for former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger.

The decade of the Eighties, during which Mr. Weinberger served, encompassed the most sweeping ideological change since the Russian Revolution, as well as countless lesser events deserving treatment by those involved. There is much to learn from Cabinet-level perspectives on the collapse of Communism and the spread of democracy in the Eighties, or even from such ignominious episodes as the Iran–Contra affair. The latter event is treated in an excerpt from the secretary's memoir, *Fighting for Peace*, in the May 14 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. The article is an astonishing, anti-intellectual, *ad hominem* tract; a mean-spirited assemblage of distortions and falsities, of which I am the chief though not the only target.

But it takes a second reading to absorb that the defamations are only tactical devices, libelous provocations put forth to distract the reader and allow the author to evade the central issues that any public official is obligated to address in a memoir: "How well or poorly did our institutions function during your service? What was your role? What can we learn from your experience?"

One or two examples illustrate this article's consistent use of slander as a device for evading responsibility. The secretary implies in one reference that I urged offering Egypt " 'several' . . . American supporting divisions, to invade Libya." Elsewhere, regarding the tragic U.S. involvement in Beirut, he states that I "demanded that we commit more troops and military resources, presumably to 'save' Beirut." Both references are simply and verifiably false.

Concerning the value of providing Egypt with some confidence that we would not stand idly by if Qaddafi carried out one of his persistent threats to attack Sudan, Egypt, or Chad, it required years to get Secretary Weinberger to accede to even minimal contingency planning with Egyptian forces. The resultant plans—which emerged from sensitive diplomacy carried out by Admiral Poindexter, the State Department, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff—were extremely effective both in deterring such Libyan attacks and in rallying Egyptian confidence. By contrast, in Beirut, such time was not available. My reporting cables from Beirut presented the following facts so that the President and his Cabinet in Washington could use them in making decisions: Both our Marine forces and our diplomatic presence in Beirut were vulnerable to almost daily artillery shelling. Yet counterattack by our forces, if we were seen to be taking sides, risked compromising our role as arbiters. The President deserved to know those facts if he was to forge a sensible politico-military strategy for walking that fine line. But my cables were far less important in this decision process than what happened to them back in Washington. Because of Secretary Weinberger's obstructionist tactics, no such strategy was ever devised. I expect this to be thoroughly treated in the forthcoming memoir of former Secretary of State George Shultz.

Sitting Ducks

ONE CAN argue whether or not the U.S. ought to have become engaged in our prolonged nightmare in Lebanon. Indeed Judge Clark and I believed from the start that the eight months between September 1982 and May 1983, spent in an effort to help secure the aborted May 17 agreement, was a poor investment of U.S. political capital. But once the U.S. committed our political weight and our forces (along with the French, British, and Italians), they ought to have been engaged in some useful peacekeeping purpose such as acting as buffers to separate the withdrawing forces, not left as sitting ducks at the airport.

There are other examples of Mr.

Mr. McFarlane was National Security Advisor in the Reagan Administration.

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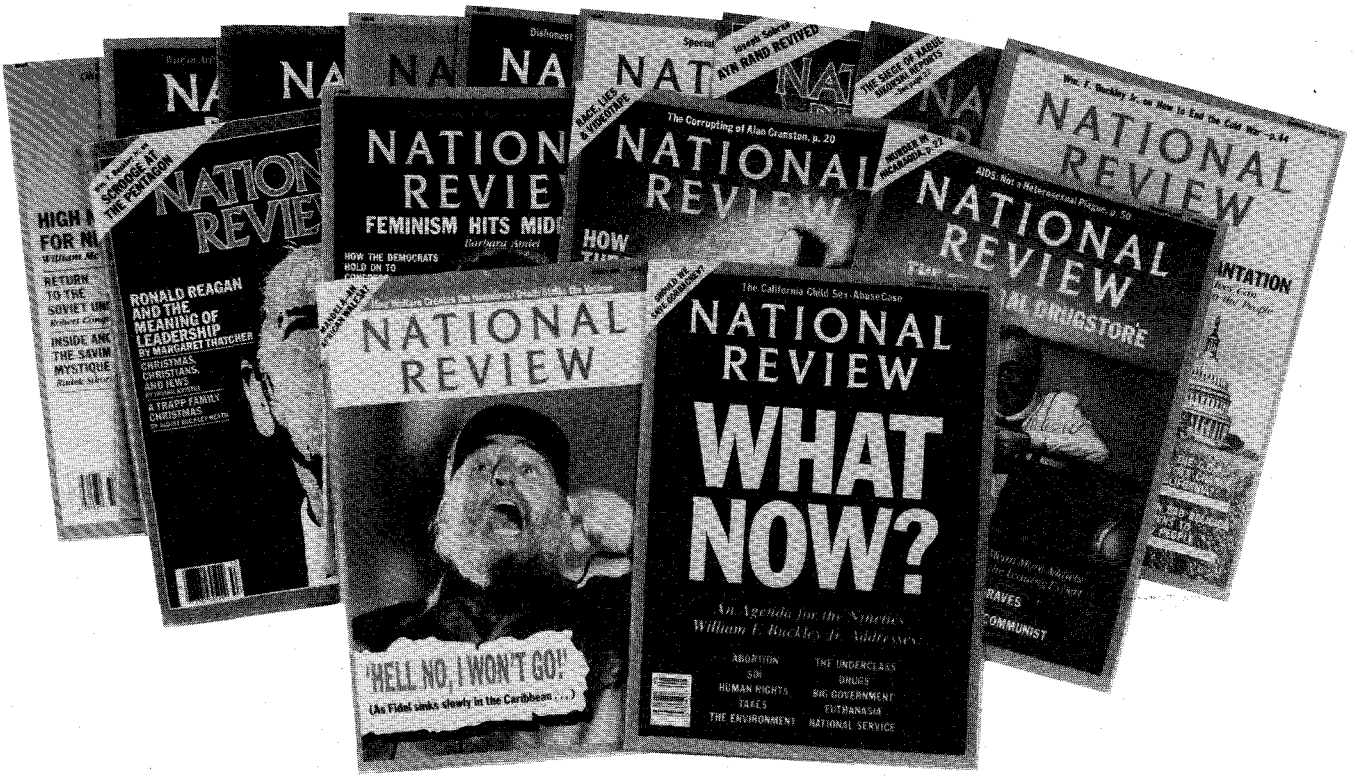

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Weinberger's using the tactic of diversion to mask the more fundamental issue. Regarding the Iranian affair, Mr. Weinberger alleges variously that I gave intelligence on Iraqi positions to the Iranians; that President Reagan never approved the Israeli transfer of arms starting in August 1985; and that he (Weinberger) was unaware that any American was engaged in meetings with Israelis on the subject of establishing contact with Iranian pragmatists, until he read of it in intelligence reports which started in September of 1985.

Who Knew?

THE FIRST CHARGE—that I passed intelligence on Iraqi positions to Iran—is an outright lie. It is interesting, however, to note that throughout these years, Secretary Weinberger was a frequent advocate of a U.S. "tilt" toward Iraq and succeeded in persuading President Reagan to allow the CIA to pass intelligence to Iraq concerning Iranian forces. In his book, the secretary characterizes the Iraqi regime as having rational, limited aims. This is the same Iraq led by Saddam Hussein, who recently notified the world, with murderous pride, that he had the means *and the will* to use ballistic missiles and other weapons of mass destruction against his neighbors.

The secretary's second point, regarding President Reagan's approval of the Israeli transfer, was explored thoroughly by the Tower Board and the Joint Congressional Committee. Both believed that the President did in fact approve the policy. Secretary Weinberger ignores the very existence of these verdicts. Instead he deceives the reader by referring to President Reagan's letter to the Tower Board, *after* the President was tutored by Don Regan, to make his readers believe that the President could not remember whether he had approved the transfer or not. Mr. Weinberger conveniently ignores the President's answer when he was *first* questioned by the Tower Board (and before Regan intervened). He welcomed the Board to his office by presenting them with a copy of my testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in which I had presented the entire history of the President's approval. He had read the full transcript and made annotations in the margin. His comment to the Board, according to one of those present at the meeting, was essentially, "Here, read this, Bud's laid it out just as it happened." This original recollection of the President is buttressed by simple logic. Is it sensible to expect that I would have approved Israel's selling missiles which could only be replaced by Secretary Weinberger's Pentagon, when I knew that he was opposed to it? Not likely.

The secretary's last point—that he was unaware of my meetings with David Kimche, Director General of the Israeli Foreign Ministry, or the basic plan until September—is also false. The secretary acknowledges, later in the piece, that he was present at the meeting in the White House of August 6, 1985, where the entire Israeli proposal was explained. To his credit, he opposed it, but he was surely aware of the original idea and its key antecedents (e.g., the Kimche meetings, the involvement of Ghorbanifar). Following that White House meeting, the secretary acknowledges that he received the intelligence reports which treated the entire dialogue between Ghorbanifar and his henchmen in Teheran. For almost a year after I left government, the secretary continued to receive these reports. If he felt as strongly as he states, he could have offered to resign and, if necessary, resigned. His justification—that he could not have affected anything by such action—is ridiculous.

What are the real issues behind the abortive attempt to restore a dialogue with Iran? Was it reasonable in 1985 to attempt to determine whether or not there were any pragmatists in Teheran? Should we not have been interested in denying to the Soviet Union (which at the time had over one hundred thousand troops next door in Afghanistan) a prize whose oil and geographic proximity to the largest oil deposits in the world, if lost, could bring the international economy to its knees? Of course we should. Were there not several reasons to expect that there might be an emerging circle of leaders in Teheran (headed by then-Speaker, now-President Rafsanjani) who had tired of a brutal war with no apparent end in sight, which threatened economic and social chaos? Was it not even reasonable to be willing to provide arms to truly anti-Khomeini forces if that's what it took to dislodge such a tyrant? Of course it was. More often than not, that's how governments change in the Middle East. We cannot count on dealing with paragons of liberal philosophy as we seek to defend our interests and promote democracy. Bear in mind that 19 years ago, during our secret diplomacy which preceded the U.S. opening to China, that country was still emerging from a revolution in which it had murdered huge numbers of its own citizens—just like in Iran in 1985. China was also contributing directly to the death of American servicemen in Vietnam. But President Nixon had the wisdom to see that we had larger interests which warranted talking to Chou En-lai. And therein lies the central difference. The glaring error of the Iran affair—my error and the President's—was in al-

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"Gentlemen, I must say I fully understand your hesitation. However, when the computer says it's time for a coup, then it's time for a coup."

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lowing arms to be introduced into the equation before it was clear that those with whom we were dealing were both committed to changing Iranian policies and strong enough to do so. Neither requirement was met in 1985, and it was for that reason that I recommended to President Reagan in December 1985 as I left government, and again in May 1986 after the trip to Teheran that he had asked me to undertake, that the opening to Iran be closed. Secretary Weinberger knows this, for he was at the December 10 briefing in the Oval Office sitting across from me and next to the President. At the end of my debriefing to President Reagan, in which I recommended that he break off the contacts, Mr. Weinberger interrupted and said, "Mr. President, Bud is right, we must bring this effort to a close; it is simply too risky." This is almost a verbatim quote. As I have stated many times over the past three years, the error of this initiative was mine. But there is no doubt in my mind that if Mr. Weinberger had expressed the depth of his apparent conviction by an offer to resign or by resigning, the operation would have come to a halt.

By drawing you in with these sensational charges, Mr. Weinberger avoids treatment of the relevant question: "Was the Reagan Administration capable of developing and implementing coherent politico-military strategy?" In most cases, the answer was no, as a direct consequence of Secretary Weinberger's personal animus toward Secretaries of State Alexander Haig and George Shultz and his ambition to succeed them.

There is a book to be written about Mr. Weinberger's stewardship in the Reagan Administration, but it is unlikely to be written. For what would it say? It ought to treat his record in handling the two fundamental responsibilities of the Secretary of Defense: defining an effective strategy for using our military forces to keep the peace, and managing the expenditure of huge sums with prudence and efficiency. Never in seven years did Mr. Weinberger show the least qualification to do either. This is not my verdict alone but that of Senators John Tower, Sam Nunn, Bob Dole, and Howard Baker, Chairman Les Aspin, Bill Dickinson, Sam Stratton, former Secretary James Schlesinger, Brent Scowcroft, and many others who have helped to shape national-security policy through the years. Indeed matters became so chaotic that the President had to appoint two commissions to do those two basic jobs—one to define a sensible nuclear strategy, another to restore order from the chaos Mr. Weinberger had inflicted on the Pentagon in four years' time. I suppose one could say that there already is a book on the former secretary—in fact, there are two. One is the Scowcroft Commission report on nuclear strategy and the other is the Packard Commission report on Pentagon management. They express all one needs to know about Mr. Weinberger's record.

When I voluntarily testified in the Iran–Contra hearings and before the Tower Board, I told everything I knew. I described the paralysis that affected foreign-policy planning in the Reagan Administration because of the personal and policy struggle between the State and Defense Departments' leadership. It is well known in Washington that Mr. Weinberger was the official most to blame for this struggle and therefore most responsible for the inability of the Administration to develop policy in an orderly and coherent way. His book presents his own self-interested version of this history. In Mr. Weinberger's view, each position he took was unarguably correct and everyone else's was invariably wrong. The history of difficult public events is always infinitely more complicated.

Enough Blame to Go Around

WE SHOULD all be trying to learn from Iran–Contra, and there is enough blame to go around. Prose written out of pride to redeem a dubious public record, like Mr. Weinberger's version of Iran–Contra, makes this almost impossible. He was party to our getting into this quagmire. Now he refuses to help get us out of it. Instead, he offers his readers a scapegoat. Well, if Mr. Weinberger wants a public debate on this subject, I am happy to oblige. □

MR. WEINBERGER REPLIES

MR. McFARLANE has a new scriptwriter, and so the prose is slightly more penetrable. But the facts cannot be changed no matter how much is omitted and distorted.

Mr. McFarlane's prior record and sadly unfortunate problems, and his difficulties in recalling the truth as displayed in his testimony in the various Iran–Contra trials, make it unnecessary to refute in detail all of the new recollections and petulant foot-stamping used in this outburst.

Particularly unfortunate are his continuing attacks on the President whom he served so badly. This is most evident when, in the middle of one of McFarlane's many confessions, he contends that the President was also guilty of McFarlane's "glaring error." He is quite willing to create remarks that I never heard uttered by the President to support his case. However, when the President's remarks are on the record denying McFarlane's version, then he says that Don Regan "tutored" the President. And so it goes.

One final point demonstrates why it is so unnecessary to spend time correcting each of the vast number of errors in this newest tirade. That is the absurd and breathtakingly wrong statement that I was "party to our getting into this quagmire." This is the same quagmire that George Shultz and I opposed from beginning to end with all the fervor at our command; the same quagmire that McFarlane confesses was his doing; and the same quagmire that he compounded by trying (successfully for a time) to keep me from seeing the intelligence reports which disclosed the ridiculous and very dangerous game McFarlane was playing in, and with, Iran.

Even a new scriptwriter using "quotes" we doubt were ever quoted cannot change what really happened. And no diversionary dust in the form of easily refutable charges about the record of others can change the history I set forth in *Fighting for Peace*.

—CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

Mr. Weinberger was Secretary of Defense in the Reagan Administration.

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Chicken Little Is Wrong

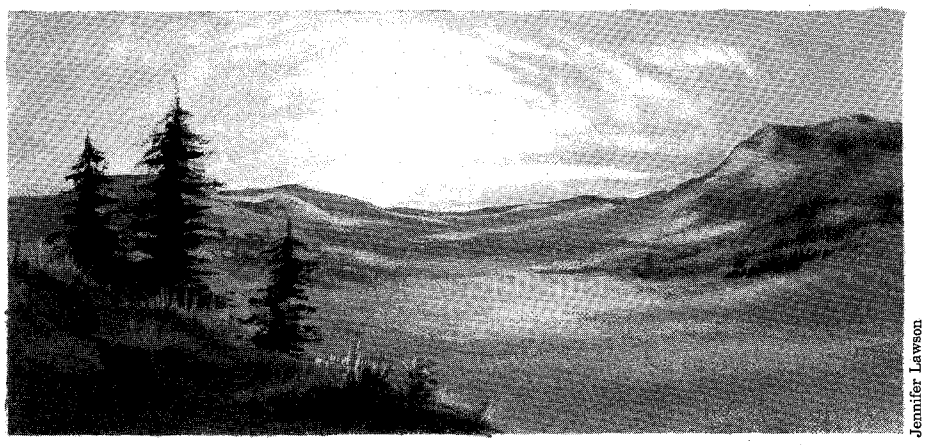
RALPH DE TOLEDANO

KARL MARX, cursing his carbuncles in the British Museum, dreamed up an analysis of the Industrial Revolution that predicted precisely the opposite of what history subsequently served up. Thomas Malthus proclaimed that the world faced imminent starvation because, so he protested, population, if left to itself, increases geometrically while food production limps along arithmetically. (The poor American farmer did not have the time to read Malthus, so he produced food faster than the world could consume it.) David Ricardo, a follower of Malthus, combined the master's theory with an "iron law of wages"—as iron, it turned out, as a tin horn, and as applicable to the ups and downs of contemporary economics as the water level in Archimedes's bathtub.

Marx has taken a bit of a tumble, but the New Malthusians prosper and propagandize in a well-paid effort to stampede the *polloi* and blackmail the *aristoi*. Under the banner of "environmentalism"—the new last refuge of Dr. Johnson's scoundrel—they have brought together the expatriates of Marxism and phrenology and the elitists of academe, seeking to bring life as we know it to a standstill. If proof of this is needed, it can be found abundantly in *The Population Explosion*, by Paul and Anne Ehrlich. The earnest reader will find it more an eructation than an explosion, in an evidentiary sense. And it makes the ungrateful recall that Paul Ehrlich published a book in 1968 that predicted, as passionately as the present screed, that devastating famine would be followed by the virtual destruction of life on this planet by the 1980s.

The Population Explosion, by Paul R. Ehrlich and Anne H. Ehrlich (Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., $18.95)

I approached the Ehrlichs' current funeral oration with seriousness, as one should on such occasions. After a while, I began penciling in the margin each fallacious argument, misstatement of fact, and subversion of truth. I gave up, however, when I realized that those marks were running the length of the page. The footnotes, stashed away just before the index, were not particularly illuminating, since most of them simply cited other works by the Ehrlichs and not the "scientific" authorities one would expect. And I quickly realized (as would even a mediocre student of high-school science)—that the Ehrlichs have little knowledge and less logic.



Jennifer Lawson

With the urgency of the earth-is-flat movement and the screams of Chicken Little, the Ehrlichs deliver themselves of their thesis, and their methodology is delicious. After a suggestion that a particular statemate "may" be true or a situation "possible," the Ehrlichs shift into overdrive, and what is tentatively advanced on page ten becomes revealed wisdom by page 11. "Nuclear winter" disappeared from the litany of the "environmentalists" after it was revealed to be a giant jape concocted by Vladimir Aleksandrov, a mathematician working for the KGB disinformation *apparat*, but the End Day is still upon us.

Do the Ehrlichs really believe what they are saying? In chewing over a Catholic-bishops finding that the earth could feed forty billion people, the Ehrlichs admit that this is "theoretically possible." But they give themselves away when they add: "One might also ask whether feeding forty billion people is a worthwhile goal for humanity, even if it could be reached. Is any purpose served in turning Earth, in essence, into a gigantic human feedlot? . . . [W]hat would happen to the *quality* of life?" Isn't a feedlot what the Ehrlichs demand?

But there are many other ways that the Ehrlichs play games. For example, they state accurately that in "Africa south of the Sahara, food production has fallen far behind population growth"—by some 20 per cent. What they do not tell us is that this is the clear and documented result, not of any shortage of arable land, nor of its exhaustion, but of policies instituted by dictators who have put what resources they have not stolen into industrialization, driving the peasants into the cities. Food production has lagged in those parts of the world which have destroyed economic incentives. The Soviet Union must import wheat although it was once the "breadbasket of Europe." The fertility is there, but almost half the country's food is grown on "private" peasant plots, while the giant collectives underproduce.

The Ehrlichs give us the astonishing statistic that in Communist China, four thousand square miles of arable land are taken out of production each

Mr. Toledano is a contributing editor of NR *and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*

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year and devoted to factories and housing. Even if true, this statistic hardly denotes any lack of land. Food production has been steadily on the rise since Peking's Red lords granted a small degree of economic freedom and increased monetary returns. China's problems, like the USSR's, stem from too close a reading of Marx and Lenin and too little attention to the actual economic needs of society.

By the beginnings of the twenty-first century, the Ehrlichs assert, Earth will be as crowded as Coney Island on a summer Sunday—and with no hot-dog vendors to take one's mind off the push and shove. They even go so far as to manufacture a Malthusian explanation for the severity of the AIDS epidemic, the effects of which are often likened to those of war or pestilence. If true, that would presumably be of comfort to the population-control lobby; but the Ehrlichs' record on such forecasts is bad enough that serious people seeking to curb the disease needn't take notice.

Now that "global warming" is wearing the fright wig it snatched from "nuclear winter," the Ehrlichs are fashionably concerned about the "greenhouse effect." They freely throw about the pseudo-scientific jargon that has cluttered up any serious discussions of the topic. Except for those trying to panic the world into spending an estimated trillion dollars to mend the heavens, any expert will tell you that there is no evidence of a "greenhouse effect." Protests that low-lying areas of the planet will be inundated as a result of the melting of polar ice caps, like an ice cube in a warm drink, have been demolished by measurements which have shown that the ice caps are actually growing. If there *is* any global warming—and throughout measured time there have been changes in the climate—it will inaugurate a period of unprecedented fertility, not the famine so freely predicted, as increased carbon dioxide encourages plant growth.

Really blood-curdling is the Ehrlichs' program to prevent or ameliorate the population explosion:

1. We must institute the Chinese Communist system of compulsory abortion and various forms of infanticide so that each couple will have only one child. The Ehrlichs are critical of Peking for not enforcing its program more energetically and add: "We must hope that our government doesn't wait until it too decides that coercive measures can solve America's population problem. . . . [T]he price of personal freedom in making childbearing decisions may be the destruction of the world." Precisely how infractions are to be punished under the Ehrlich Solution isn't specified.

2. As Barry Commoner recommended, we must go back to the spinning wheel, returning to a beatific state of endless drudge labor, six days a week, and exhaustion on Sunday. Most of the labor-saving devices and the appliances of everyday life consume fossil-fuel energy, which of course poisons the environment. (On the other hand, such activities as jogging reduce the world's oxygen.)

3. Air travel by businessmen must cease, with the world's executives linked instead by closed-circuit TV—which the Ehrlichs seem not to know uses electric power, which must be generated and thus only worsens "global warming."

4. All this nonsense of getting into the family car and driving off on vacation must cease, too. A frolic in a sun-warmed backyard pool should be good enough for the working class, though they mustn't use too much water.

5. The "rich and the intelligent" must not propagate. They are "dangerous because they promote overproduction [and have] the heaviest impact on the planet." The rich, say the Ehrlichs, are the cause of most of the world's ills. Poverty is beautiful.

6. The couples of the future must be good parents by having 1.5 children. Presumably, if they have 1.75 children, drastic measures must be taken. Condoms and vasectomies must be the order of the day—and for God's sake stop eating all that stimulating food which encourages procreation.

And this about sums up the whole "environmentalist" drive. These types do not want two blades of grass to grow where one did before. They are not interested in feeding the starving or clothing the cold. They don't care whether there will eventually be only one child in the playground where three once romped. They want a society in which the elite has organic strawberries and cream, and the rest of the people thank them each day for saving the tsetse fly and the precious mosquito. □

Eerie Echo of the Sixties

THOMAS SHORT

WHEN Page Smith went to Harvard to begin his graduate studies, he found that the English department demanded too many "irrelevant" languages. So he turned to the history department,

Killing the Spirit: Higher Education in America, by Page Smith (Viking, 305 pp., $19.95)

where he stuck despite its contempt for one of his great undergraduate enthusiasms. Harvard's historians preferred fact to grand synthesis. That still rankles and, projected upon the academy as a whole, has grown in Smith's mind to the dimensions of a murder—one, namely, of the human spirit. He calls the villain "academic fundamentalism," by which he means . . . well, it is difficult to tell what he means by it.

The result is *Killing the Spirit*, in which Smith hitches his quirks and prejudices onto the train of publications pulled by the big engine known as Bloom. Yet Smith's critique of higher education has less in common with Allan Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind* than with the anti-rational romantic radicalism of the 1960s student revolts that Bloom includes in his indictment. To his disdain for "irrelevant" knowledge, Smith adds, in eerie echo of the Sixties, the New Left complaint that university research actually contributes—gasp!—to this nation's prosperity and defense.

Not that Smith is wrong about everything. He rightly deplores the publish-or-perish syndrome, the wrong-headed attempt of the humanities and social sciences to ape the research style of the natural sciences, and the consequent sterility of intellectual life in much of the contemporary academy.

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Those factors produced a malaise on which the New Left fed, and they are even worse today. But Charles Sykes, in his recent book, *ProfScam*, documents the dimensions of the current problem far better than Smith, who seems to echo Sykes even in phrasing. Both call the trend of paying faculty more to teach less "the flight from teaching," but Sykes said it first and gave you the numbers.

There is, however, a more serious problem with this book than deficient originality, namely its deficient logic. For example, in his chapters on the history of higher education in the United States, Smith relates instances of past political interference with university teaching, as if that excuses the present self-politicization of the academy. And he seems unable to distinguish spirit-killing pseudo-objectivity from forms of objectivity appropriate and even necessary to the humanities and social sciences. Consequently, he is unable to draw the line anywhere, even at overt politicization.

His flaccid response to radical feminism is an example. On the one hand, he sees its awful reality quite clearly. "[Women's Studies] courses are, with . . . exceptions, unabashedly 'sexual politics.'" "The existing situation . . . is clearly out of hand. . . . The image women students carry away with them on graduation must be of a world hopelessly divided into exploiting males and oppressed females." But on the other, he cannot bring himself to oppose anything that brings passion into the schoolroom. In Women's Studies, he exults, "all pretense of objectivity (that precious icon of the modern university) has been cast aside. There is an air of excitement, of discovering new truths, a unity of spirit and purpose," etc., etc.

Does it not occur to Professor Smith that without some measure of objectivity, there can be no hope of distinguishing truth from fantasy, and, hence, no basis for any claim to have discovered new truths?

Smith is no Marxist, and he even seems to have the engaging idiosyncrasy of believing in God. But he assumes the Left's Manichaean view of the world as divided into perfect Good and perfect Evil. Radical feminists, by ranging themselves against a purported Evil, are Good; and, so, they cannot be guilty of any worse sin than that of going a little too far. Though "astounded by the reality" of Women's Studies, Smith declares himself to be "basically sympathetic" to the project. So much for reality. Preferring illusion has become the Left's hallmark.

To excuse inactivity, Smith, like so many others, employs the tired metaphor of a pendulum having swung "too far the other way"—as if, left to itself, it will swing back again. But the politicization of the academy by radical feminists, and by others of the tenured Left, is not simply an overreaction to a preceding injustice. Those injustices are largely invented, and otherwise exaggerated, to ease radicalism's "long march through the institutions." If not opposed, radicalism will not go away.

Smith himself almost admits the point: "Women's Studies, in their most extreme and imperialistic form, have become institutionalized, and we will have to live with this strange transformation for years to come." He adds, "The alternative is a fight that, in the present demoralized state of the university, no one has the stomach for (except the aging warriors of the National Association of Scholars)." Our author is right on the mark about lack of stomach and demoralization, but he underestimates the National Association of Scholars, whose rapidly growing membership is predominantly of academics in mid career and younger.

Conceptual confusion and leftist cant are not limited to the chapter on Women's Studies, but elsewhere those qualities are complemented by factual inaccuracy. An account of political science begins with the words, "As matters were explained to me," thereby confessing an ignorance of the field. As it happens, matters were not explained very well. Leo Strauss is misidentified as a "follower" of Heidegger and (simultaneously!) a member of the Frankfurt School. Someone should have explained to Smith that the Frankfurt School is neo-Marxist. In a typical example of academic *argumentum ad Reaganum*, Smith explains that "since Straussians incline to the political Right, any number found lodgments in the Reagan Administration, where they were almost impossible to distinguish from other run-of-the-mill reactionary ideologues." Pretty good for neo-Marxist Heideggerians.

The chapter on "The Inhuman Humanities" is worse. "As I pursued my admittedly superficial researches," Smith confides, Derrida's name kept recurring. The enduring impact of Jacques Derrida's word play is, to say the least, doubtful, but Smith does not hesitate to declare that Derrida has "destroyed" professors' "illusion that they are engaged in objective, scientific investigation." Thus introduced, Derrida subsequently becomes a totem shaken in the faces of recalcitrant "fundamentalists." Smith pairs Derrida with Wittgenstein, another author whose work has apparently not yet been explained to him. One begins to gain a certain sympathy for those soul-destroying Harvard professors who wanted the young Smith to shed his enthusiasm and acquire a more "scientific" respect for the facts. □

A Correspondence with Reality

GEORGE J. MARLIN

IN NOVEMBER 1975, the City of New York's seven and a half million people discovered that four decades of liberalism had driven their city into financial default. Budgetary gimmicks and phantom revenues had resulted in a budget with $12.8 billion in expenditures and only $10.9 billion in revenues. The politicians had managed to accumulate deficits that were masked with $4.5 billion of short-term borrowing.

New York during this crisis was labeled "fear city." People and corporations were fleeing; over 660,000 jobs were lost between 1969 and 1976. The South Bronx, a municipal desert, became the symbol of liberal hegemony.

To rescue the city, the bankers, pol-

All the Best: Letters from a Feisty Mayor, by Edward I. Koch (Simon & Schuster, 265 pp., $19.95)

Mr. Marlin is the editor of The Quotable Chesterton *and* The Quotable Fulton Sheen. *He has co-authored with Joe Mysak* The Bond Buyer's Guide to Municipal Bonds, *to be published in December.*

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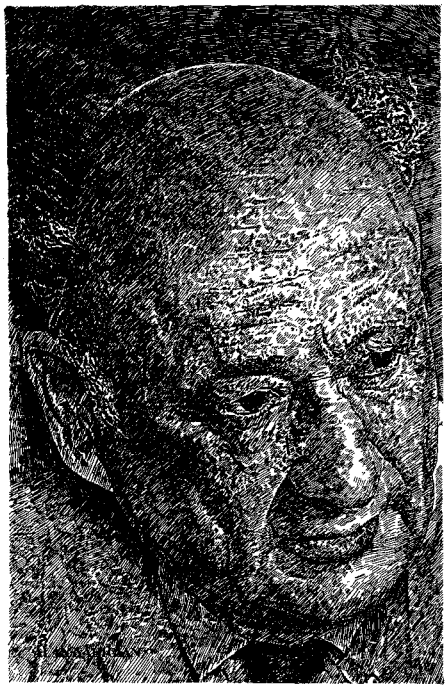

Alan Nahigian

iticians, and union leaders created the Municipal Assistance Corporation (MAC) and the Emergency Financial Review Board. The incumbent mayor, Abe Beame, was stripped of his authority, and the $4.5 billion of short-term debt was converted into 25-year MAC bonds.

These events did not curtail liberal spending habits. Tremendous deficits were still tolerated; $1.1 billion in 1976 and $1 billion in 1977. And as the mayoral elections approached, municipal default and bankruptcy once again loomed over the Big Apple.

The 1977 race for mayor was a mad scramble. Out of a heap that included Mario Cuomo and Bella Abzug emerged the congressman from the Silk Stocking District—Edward I. Koch. Elected on the slogan, "After eight years of charisma [John Lindsay] and four years of the Clubhouse [Abe Beame] why not try competence?" Ed Koch viewed himself as a "liberal with sanity." Thanks to his gutsy approach to handling government finances and his receptiveness to Reaganomics, by 1981 the city was running in the black, and throughout the remainder of the decade it experienced an unprecedented economic boom.

All the Best: Letters from a Feisty Mayor is Koch's apologia of his 12 years as chief magistrate. These lively letters, supplemented with ample commentary, cover everything from feminism to camel racing, from Jesse Jackson to baseball. Conservative readers will disagree with several of Koch's positions, particularly his views on abortion and homosexuality. Nevertheless, they will mostly find themselves cheering on this consummate New Yorker, this man who evokes the best of Gentleman Jimmy Walker, Fiorello LaGuardia, and the sidewalks of New York.

Koch is not afraid to demolish liberal icons, and he admits that he too has been guilty of political idolatry. He writes:

> I have publicly stated and referred to myself as "Mayor Culpa" for having voted for programs in the Congress which added to the city spending. I neither knew nor cared at the time how those wonderful programs would be paid for and by whom. Indeed, I have summed up my responsibility by saying that if I had the power I would punish every member of Congress who participated in those days, and perhaps even today, with some of their mandates imposed on cities, by having them serve one year as mayor.

With style, substance, and a rhetorical axe, Koch smashes liberal pieties remorselessly. These letters could easily be the basis of a book entitled *The Quotable Mayor*. Some samples:

On welfare: ". . . able-bodied people who are on public assistance should be required to go back to work and lose their benefits if they refuse. . . . The American public will support relief. But they will not willingly support ripoff."

On the drug epidemic: ". . . the stiffer the penalties against dealing and drug use, the less drug abuse there will be. If we're serious we may want to do what was done in Malaysia and Japan. In Malaysia they put drug dealers to death. And you don't see many drug dealers in Malaysia any more."

On Jesse Jackson: "As a potential President of the United States, there is much to fear in Jesse Jackson. He is farther to the left than George McGovern and far to the left is not where the overwhelming majority of the American people want to go. . . . His flights of rhetorical fantasy may be impressive. His grasp of the factual record is not."

On leftist governments: "Regrettably liberals too often remain strangely silent about the excess of leftist governments. I think that is because leftist governments clothe themselves in such lofty language that their good intentions are taken as an article of faith, no matter how brutal or barbaric their actions may be."

ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

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Reading these quotes, it is easy to understand why the liberal establishment came to despise Ed Koch. When political scandals surfaced in the offices of the Queens borough president and the Bronx Democratic Party leader, the liberal elites made every effort to destroy Koch by tagging the blame on him. In their rush to establish guilt by association, they missed the irony of the crimes: nearly all these offenses were committed by self-proclaimed liberal reformers. And these frauds condemned Koch for having dealings with their creations.

Granted, the mayor bargained with the liberal political bosses—but so did Mario Cuomo, Donald Trump, Jimmy Breslin, and the city-desk editors. Dealing with power brokers is an inherent part of the liberal-designed elitist system. Yet Ed Koch was singled out. Mario Cuomo wasn't condemned for seeking the support of Queens borough president Donald Manes. He wasn't shunned because his 1977 campaign manager, Mike Dowd, ran a corrupt collection agency. Jimmy Breslin wasn't run out of town because of his association with Queens Boulevard hacks. Donald Trump wasn't deserted because he dealt with Bronx boss Stanley Friedman to get tax abatements. Why Koch and not them? It is simply the result of liberal hypocrisy. To divert attention from their intellectual and moral bankruptcy they needed a scapegoat—so they chose Edward I. Koch.

The hypocrites prevented Koch's election to an unprecedented fourth term; they cannot prevent him from speaking out. This book, along with his newspaper column and radio and television shows, will upset New York liberals for years to come. □

Debts Paid in Full

JEFFREY HART

THERE ARE so many things that are good about this novel that it's difficult to know where to start. It has a wide cast of characters, including gangsters and former gangsters, Joe Kennedy (who falls into both categories), Lyndon Johnson (no comment), Franklin Roosevelt, Bobby Kennedy, assorted women, lawyers and judges, politicians of every stripe, two major central characters, and a strong driving plot that holds it all together.

Markers, by Sidney Zion (Fine, 426 pp., $19.90)

We touch here a world with which most of us are entirely unacquainted. It is a palpable world and we get to inhabit it through Mr. Zion's gift of language, the medium in which a novelist works: "He is indeed a statesman, Mr. Abraham Roshevsky. A statesman in New Jersey being a person on whom the Statute of Limitations has tolled."

Or: "Four hours later, Walsh had Gambino alone in a suite at the Waldorf Towers. He slid a gun across the coffee table. Gambino said, 'Why?': Walsh told him, 'Read it.'

"It was enough to jump the old don's eyes, the rarest gun, not the bullshit kind where the numbers were scraped off, this one never had any numbers, this was a made-for, there were maybe a dozen like this in New York and Gambino couldn't get one, not even Gambino."

The title *Markers* may be a bit mysterious to those of us outside the world of pols and wiseguys. It seems to derive from billiards, where you put up a marker to register a score. But Zion's markers are more serious. They are a kind of currency, but not calculable in dollars and cents. What they mean here is that if someone does you a favor, you owe him; he has your marker. If you don't return the favor, you might have a discussion with someone like Meyer Lansky or Franklin Roosevelt, or, if your luck ran out completely, Frankie Carbo or Bobby Kennedy.

The two central characters in the novel, friends but polar opposites, are a brilliant journalist named Mike O'Rourke and a criminal lawyer named Jesse Frank. In Jesse Frank Zion has created a credible genius in the pages of a novel, no easy thing to accomplish, since you can't just say he's a genius—you have to show him being one. This Zion does, following Frank from a major sting on a grade-school teacher through his riveting courtroom performances as a defense lawyer.

Jesse Frank is a great criminal lawyer probably because he has a criminal mind himself. Mike O'Rourke is a very smart straight arrow. Central to Zion's novelistic imagination is puzzlement about whom to admire more: Frank or O'Rourke.

Your reviewer decided to ask Mr. Zion a few questions, and we met in the vast lounge of the Yale Club in Manhattan.

JH: Many readers are going to think your Jesse Frank is based on the late Roy Cohn. Is that so?

SZ: No, Jesse Frank is not based on Roy. People will probably think so because I recently published a biography of Roy. They are alike only in their brilliance and love of power for its own sake. . . . But Roy and Jesse were part of the inside world. They did collect markers.

Behind the Jesse Frank character, most of which I made up from my own experience, is—and this will surprise you—Willmoore Kendall. I knew him at Yale. What went into Jesse Frank was *the way Willmoore was*. I disagreed with Willmoore about just everything. But his mind was amazing. I tried to make Jesse Frank's mind amazing.

JH: You succeeded. Now I'd like to move into dangerous territory, the cultural minefield we come to in Chapter 15, which begins, "On a rainy afternoon in early December, 1959, Joseph P. Kennedy called on Abe Roshevsky at the Gramercy Park townhouse. The meeting was arranged at Kennedy's request on two hours' notice. It lasted forty minutes. The results are still being felt today." What this chapter says is that Joseph Kennedy called on former gangster Abe Roshevsky in order to put through a deal whereby a New Jersey Irish political boss, Roshevsky's son-in-law, would come out for Jack Kennedy's presidential candidacy. What Joe Kennedy told Roshevsky is that he had proposed—and Neville Chamberlain had accepted—a scheme to evacuate German Jews immediately after *Kristallnacht*. But *FDR wasn't interested*. Is this factual?

SZ: Entirely. I don't know who it's going to embarrass more: the Kennedy

Mr. Hart, a senior editor of NR, *is the author of* Acts of Recovery.

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family or the FDR crowd. It was a surprise to me, the whole thing. I wanted to have this scene, in which Joe Kennedy pleads with Roshevsky to support JFK by getting his son-in-law, Charlie O'Rourke, a Jersey boss, to come out for Jack publicly. No one remembers that the Irish Catholic politicians were steering clear of Jack Kennedy. So I thought: Roshevsky was a powerful, very strong Jew; Joe Kennedy was America First, pro-Hitler, anti-Semite. How could he even face Roshevsky? As I began to write that chapter I knew that he never would have set foot in that townhouse without an *x* factor: He had to have a marker. But what was it? So I did some research, and I found it. After *Kristallnacht*, Joe Kennedy met with Neville Chamberlain and worked out a plan to get the German Jews out—to America, Palestine, Africa, anywhere. Work out the details later. But there was "no comment" from the State Department, which really means FDR. Why? Because the President didn't care. He already had the Jewish vote; that was it as far as he was concerned, and he nixed the deal. All of this was in the newspapers and is now in the history books, but you have to look for it. Nobody now wants to say that Joe Kennedy was a hero and FDR was a heel. During the crunch, the Jews were expendable. . . . When I did the research on this, I thought, "This can't be true." But it is true.

JH: Let's change the subject. Is that scene in Philadelphia in Frankie Carbo's bar based on fact? Your Mike O'Rourke [Charlie's son] is a freshman at Penn and as a coming journalist is already printing his stuff in a Philadelphia paper. His pal Jesse Frank is a first-year law student at Penn. Abe Roshevsky has taken them to meet Carbo, who genially sits down at their table in the bar. O'Rourke requests an interview. Carbo declines, but asks what his first question would have been. O'Rourke answers by asking did Carbo hit Bugsy Siegel. In a rage, Carbo jumps up and walks away. Only the fast thinking of Jesse Frank saves the occasion. He jumps up, grabs Carbo by the arm and says it's his fault. He bet O'Rourke fifty dollars he wouldn't have the guts to ask Carbo that question. Carbo hesitates, then laughs and enjoys it. What about this scene?

SZ: It's entirely fiction. It's what Carbo, O'Rourke, and Jesse would have done under the circumstances. In fact, Frankie Carbo was annoyed that in the legend of Bugsy Siegel he was said to be the hit man, and he was sick of it. When Siegel was hit, the story went out to the world that the Italians had done it, because Siegel was stealing money at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. But it wasn't true. Carbo didn't hit Siegel. He didn't have the power.

JH: In this book it seems to me that some of the big gangsters are more honorable than what we would call the mainstream characters. They obey agreements and the rules are clear. I have in mind the episode in which Jacob Rosenwald, a legitimate businessman, goes bankrupt in the '29 Crash. He has to keep his Jewish American Princess in Smith College, so he goes to see Louis Lepke.

Lepke, who would later die in the electric chair, is infinitely courteous to Rosenwald, and they go over all the options. They come down to the final one. The businessman agrees to be hit, suddenly and painlessly. He makes out a life-insurance policy to Lepke. The daughter graduates from Smith. All bargains are kept. Does this kind of thing actually happen?

SZ: All the time. The gangsters are ruthless, greedy; they're killers. But on another level, they live and die by the rules. You don't suddenly find out that you are Haldeman or Ehrlichman. I can tell you stories about honorable gangsters, killers who always kept their word. □

FILM

What Is Truth?

JOHN SIMON

THIS IS an age of eroding boundaries; the one between fact and fiction is no exception. For example, any performer on a major soap opera can tell you about stacks of warning letters he or she receives from viewers about some other character on the soap, about some secret vices that character has revealed only to a third one and some ten million TV watchers. Soap-opera fans can no longer tell that the show is not reality. And what about the much less sappy souls who nevertheless believe that what they see in a documentary is the truth *tout court*? It never occurs to them that there exists a thing called point of view, and that inclusion or exclusion of data is consciously or unconsciously affected by it, that the filmmaker's choices represent a slant on the facts, on the "truth."

This can get highly complicated. Take the recent ***Roger and Me***, in which Michael Moore showed, or tried to show, how Roger Smith, the CEO of General Motors, brought misery to Flint, Michigan, by plant shutdowns and the laying off of thousands of workers. It was a grimly humorous and enormously persuasive film, and many people besides Roger Smith emerged as callous brutes or risible fools. Subsequently, it was revealed that Moore took many liberties with chronology and context to give the film dramatic shape and to make some people look worse and others (e.g., himself) better than they were. Anatole France, to be sure, spoke of *une histoire plus vraie que la vérité*, and Moore, too, defended himself as pursuing the spirit rather than the letter of the truth.

Then why, however, his anger when the film was not nominated for an Oscar in the documentary category? And why his anger now when video stores stock the film on the documentary rather than the feature-film (i.e., fiction) shelves, where, granted, rentals are considerably brisker? Can it be that what is fact on a reel becomes fiction in a cassette?

■ What, though, are we to make of a film such as James Toback's ***The Big Bang***, which purports not to be a documentary—again, presumably, because documentaries attract much smaller audiences? Yet what is it? Toback films himself and Joseph H. Kanter in a fancy restaurant as he proposes to the latter that he produce this film. Following from the hypothesis that the universe began with "the orgasmic explosion of God" (itself, it

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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seems to me, an ambiguous phrase), there would be interviews in *The Big Bang* with a number of persons about bigger and smaller bangs, i.e., their ideas about life, death, sex, disorder, and how the cosmos started. Kanter is taken aback, but the film is proof that Toback, one of the greatest sweet-talkers and least savory filmmakers of our time, succeeded at any rate in his snow job.

The Big Bang interviews 17 adults and two children; as Toback puts it: "Everyone was assembled in a huge . . . mansion in Tenafly, N.J. I talked to each of the 'actors' individually and then put them in groups, always trying to deal with the thematic questions of creation and disintegration." So he shot fifty hours of no-script, no-story, no-actor film, which he and his editor, Stephanie Kempf, then edited down to under ninety minutes, the two of them becoming, in Toback's words, "in effect . . . co-screenwriters after the fact."

From the very first scene—putting the question to Kanter—trickery seems to be at work. Could this really have been the first time Kanter heard about what Toback intended to do? Is the surprise real or feigned? Is the scene just an excuse to get Kanter (and Toback, who also appears later) into the movie? Does such gimmickry vitiate the documentary validity of the rest, which, Toback claims, was spontaneous and allowed the camera to observe people thinking as well as answering? If so, the film deserves the title "documentary," which, however, Toback doesn't want. Quicksands, quicksands.

The "actors" include Missy Boyd (a mother who tragically lost a daughter), Darryl Dawkins (the ex-basketball star, who says some funny and some shocking things), Eugene Fodor (the classical violinist, who mostly fiddles through the film and never mentions drug addiction or incarceration), Polly Frost (variously described as "artiste" and "writer," and thus obscure in two categories), Veronica Geng (the *New Yorker* humorist, who has trouble speaking and, when she does speak, gets cut off by Toback), Julius Hemphill (the dreadlocked jazz saxophonist, who is cagy and grins a lot), and Fred Hess (the astronomer, who explains the universe in portentous, hieratic tones with statements that explain very little).

Also Elaine Kaufman (owner of the popular restaurant Elaine's, who is more down-to-earth and reveals even less), Sheila Kennedy (a former *Penthouse* model, who is actually down on the floor and leaning against a red leather couch as Toback leeringly lists more and more toward her), Anne Marie Keyes (a nun styled "Philosopher," whose utterances are remarkably halting and vacuous), Charles Lassiter (a painter and seeming pantywaist who revels in his existential weaknesses), and Marcia Oakley (a

NOW SHOWING

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover is a true horror, a film whose detestableness is heralded by its ponderous title. I have always considered the interior decorator one of the more sinister influences on modern life, particularly when, like director Peter Greenaway, he sets himself up as a social-metaphysical moviemaker.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

The Handmaid's Tale is inept and annoying. I have scant use for author Margaret Atwood, screenwriter Harold Pinter, or director Volker Schlöndorff, and Natasha Richardson is miscast as a joyless sperm receptacle.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—John Simon

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very pretty black medical student, who says that, being a nice girl, she has been unable, since age 11, to say no to anyone wanting to have sex with her).

Further, Jack Richardson (the talented writer and gambler, who speaks wittily, self-depreciatingly, and far too laconically), Don Simpson (the producer of *Flashdance*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, and *Top Gun*, who seems to blame his being an unreconstructable vulgarian on his strict religious upbringing in Alaska), Tony Sirico (a former gangster who now acts in all of Toback's movies, and comes up with some of the most entertaining answers), José Torres (the former light-heavyweight champion, now author and most concerned family man), and Barbara Traub (a Hungarian survivor of Auschwitz, now a novelist and mother, who speaks with extraordinary clarity, dignity, and style).

Such a film, obviously, cannot be without interest; even the two bright children have something fetching to contribute. For me, though, the most needed questions were often not asked or answered, or, if answered, were cut from the film. Moreover, not knowing these people, I don't know how to take some of the answers. Thus when Si-

RIGHT BOOKS

■ Stanley Crouch, former *Village Voice* critic, is a hard man to pin down. Is he liberal, neo-liberal, neo-conservative, or what? Whatever he'd call himself, bet it's not conservative, so why am I writing about his *Notes of a Hanging Judge: Essays and Reviews 1979–1989* (Oxford University Press, 296 pp., $22.95) in "Right Books"? Well, judge for yourself.

Mr. Crouch claims we're living in the Age of Redefinition, and that he, as a black writer disillusioned with much of the contemporary Afro-American ethos, is part of an "undeclared lost generation." Such descriptions suggest a writer in transition, and the 37 pieces in *Hanging Judge* confirm it. Stanley Crouch's thoughts are unsettled, but his book may provide at least a sense of an American community that right-wing white folks are unlikely ever to *know*.

Crouch wants blacks to be judged by the same standard applied to every other group—nothing more or less. Racism is not a justification for the ideology and politics of victimhood. That's a contrarian position for a black commentator, Thomas Sowell and Walter Williams excepted. And when writing about the politics of race, Crouch's literary voice can seem strained, world-weary. Much of his best writing (his clearest phrasing and most poetic imagery) is about jazz. The universality of music excites the Crouch imagination, whereas the particularity of black politics occasionally depresses it.

In Rome for a shindig called Umbria Jazz, Crouch awakens one morning to await the glorious Italian sun.

> All of the notes, timbres, rhythms, and harmonies of the festival . . . the feelings of awe and mystery, blood sacrifice and integrity that resonate from the cathedrals and museums of Perugia, Assisi, and Florence were moving from my memory to my spirit, and it was fully an hour and a half before dawn. . . . [Men] . . . loading a white newspaper truck . . . spoke in the sleep-laden, grumbling, dictatorial—even celebratory—Italian that makes so much of vowels that the most mundane order . . . can sound like kindling for an aria.

Mr. Miner is NR*'s literary editor.*

But let's talk about the unharmonious Spike Lee. Crouch's review of Lee's *Do the Right Thing* ("Do the Race Thing"), which caused a furor when it appeared in *The Village Voice*, remains the most devastating critique of that dishonest movie by anybody, white or black. Acknowledging Lee's technical ability and sense of comedy, Crouch goes on to attack the filmmaker's intelligence and sensitivity, and to call Lee a "propagandist," the movie "the sort of rancid fairy tale one expects of the racist . . ." Don't even imagine such comments didn't cost Crouch a lot. And he was just getting warmed up:

> Intellectual cowardice, opportunism, and the itch for riches by almost any means necessary define the demons within the black community. The demons are presently symbolized by those black college teachers so intimidated by career threats that they don't protest students bringing Louis Farrakhan on campus, by men like Vernon Mason who sold out a good reputation in a cynical bid for political power by pimping real victims of racism in order to smoke-screen Tawana Brawley's lies, by the crack dealers who have wrought unprecedented horrors, and by Afro-fascist race-baiters like Public Enemy, who perform on the soundtrack to *Do the Right Thing*.

Hard as he is on Spike Lee, Mr. Crouch is not nearly hard enough on Jesse Jackson, whom Crouch calls a leader in the mold of a Kennedy or a King. (But, Stanley, those men had jobs!) Crouch recognizes Jackson's weakness for self-mythologizing, and quite properly notes the perennial candidate's ability to motivate young people to commitments for politics and against drugs, but he fails to see that Jackson is a motivational speaker, not an executive in the making.

Other essays take the reader inside continents of black experience both dark and bright, often in surprising ways. I recommend "African Queen," a review of *West with the Night* and a tribute to its author, Beryl Markham. I don't know where Crouch is heading in his muddled pieces about homosexuality, and I don't recommend them. But Crouch really hit his stride in "I, the Jury," in a sense the book's title story.

Bernie Goetz shot four black muggers and seemed, Crouch writes, "to have become the Gerry Cooney of urban America, the white hope on whose shoulders rest the burdens of contemporary Caucasian uneasiness" about black crime. Other black intellectuals simply saw another example of white racism, but Crouch saw more. Citing recent examples of blacks lionized by whites, Crouch maintains white people "aren't troubled by Negroes per se. Their nemesis is the violent criminal who is too often construed as emblematic of the black underclass." I haven't space to quote them, but Crouch details the facts and illusions, black and white, about crime and poverty in the inner city. Rather than despairing and looking to city hall or to Washington for solutions, Crouch embraces—and quotes other blacks in support—a black work ethic that rejects "the defeatist sneering at destiny rather than wrestling with it."

Over the years, I've noticed that black subway riders tend to read three kinds of literature: the black press and authors, tabloids like the *National Enquirer*, and the Bible. Here's hoping I'll be seeing less of Frantz Fanon, less about Cosby's daughter's drug problems, and more of Stanley Crouch. There can never be too much Bible reading.

—Brad Miner

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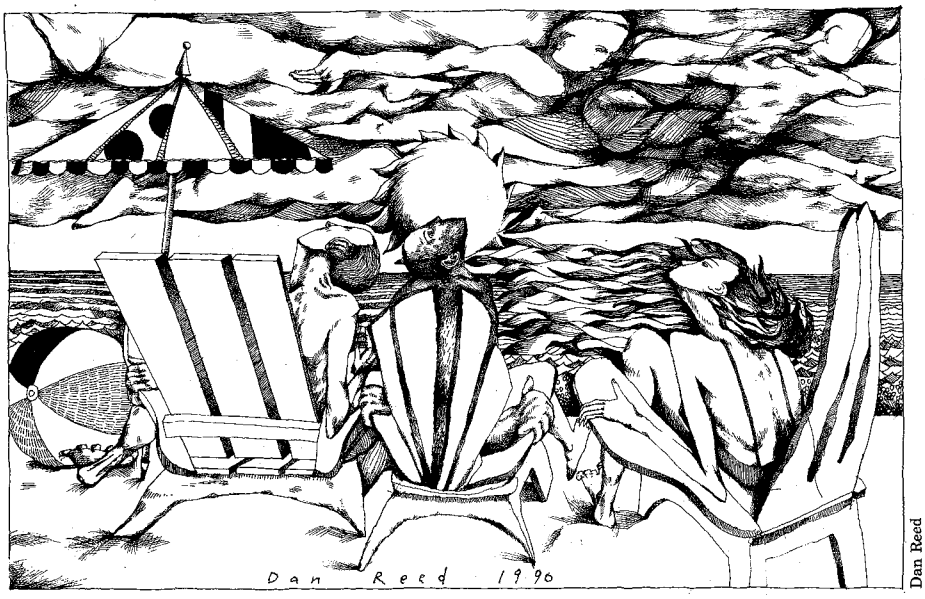
rico, the ex-criminal, is asked how the universe began and says, "I have no idea, you have to ask my brother the priest," I don't know whether that's bluff honesty or clever irony. Or whether, to the question, Which was the worst of your prisons? the answer, "None of them are real special," represents bluntness or wit.

So one could say about *The Big Bang* that a) it leaves us with few if any memorable statements, b) it never truly bores us—except when the philosopher-nun is blithering, c) it may constitute an invasion of its exploited participants' privacy, d) it is a good idea whose time went before it quite came, and e) it could be 19 other things if 19 other people were interviewed about it.

■ Even weaker in its hold on what might be called truth—or, more modestly, reality—is ***Longtime Companion***, the first feature film of the longtime theater team of Craig Lucas (playwright) and Norman René (director). *Longtime Companion* (the term designates a homosexual lover at the bottom of family-newspaper obituaries) was intended for television, and will eventually be shown on American Playhouse, but is currently enjoying theatrical distribution. It is a film of superficial proficiency—though the continuity is sometimes puzzling—and fundamental dishonesty.

It concerns seven young or youngish men—three homosexual couples and one friend—plus a young woman who is a friend to all of them. The story begins on July 3, 1981, when a *New York Times* article first calls attention to a deadly cancer later to be named AIDS. The film zeroes in on one day per year between 1981 and 1988 in the lives of this octet. Yet it splits into three sections: 1) *foreboding:* as the carefree life of these *bibelot*-surrounded Upper East Siders and freewheeling but not overpromiscuous Fire Island fun lovers becomes gradually more threatened; 2) *agony:* as several of them sicken and slowly die, while the others succor them with unwavering devotion; and 3) *afterglow:* as three survivors reminisce on a grey Fire Island beach and, suddenly, dozens of the young and handsome dead come running to the beach to laugh, play, and love again—until the vision fades and the trio, two lovers and the girl, depart in guarded hopefulness.



Dan Reed

That last vision, by the way, is a crib from *Places in the Heart* (Lucas and René are not very fastidious about where they're scavenging) and may hook onto an earlier bit of dialogue: "What do you think happens when we die?" "We get to have sex again, I hope." Much of the talk is similarly brittle: "Who's the President of the United States?" "Ronald Reagan." "Who's the Vice President?" "Nancy Reagan." Again, when asked why she thinks her next-door neighbor is homosexual, the young woman answers, "He lives with another guy and they both have great bodies." "You kill me!" The preciousness may well be psychologically correct, but there may be too much of it. Altogether, these eight people are too affluent, too beautiful, too white to make much of a statement. And the dying, when not cut off too

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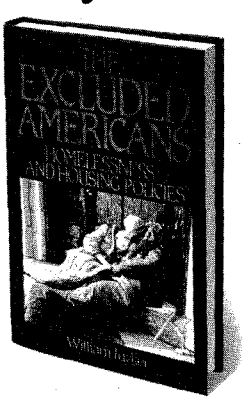

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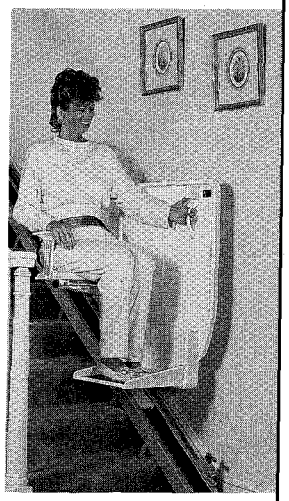

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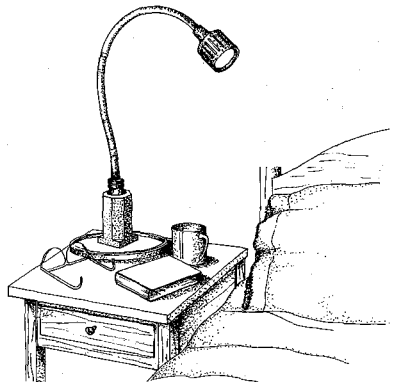

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quickly or omitted, is as lyrically poignant as that of the Lady of the Camellias, a/k/a La Traviata.

In a stab at honesty, Lucas and René will have one of their characters share a hospital room with another man (Robert Joy) who is homely, covered with blotches, watched over by a sole and very weird companion, and uncouth as he violently tears out his life-supporting I.V. and raucously starts running away. Another principal, doing charity work in Harlem, is insulted and exploited by a Hispanic AIDS patient. But these incidents are kept peripheral and fairly inconspicuous. The rest, though especially well acted by Bruce Davison, Mark Lamos, and Campbell Scott, is poeticized, unreal, and snobbish, as when a dead man is eulogized for having been "really classy . . . so really classy" because with him "there was no discussion; you became an immediate friend." Friend, hmm? Discussion, anyone? □

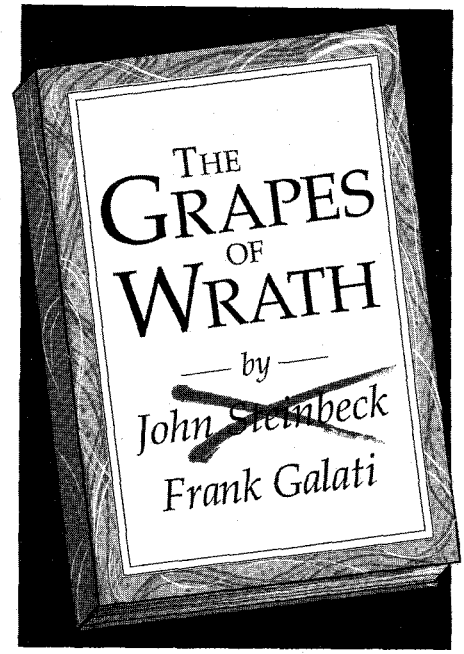
THEATER

Sentimental Journey

EVA RESNIKOVA

THE STEPPENWOLF Theater Company's Broadway production of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* comes to us with the express imprimatur of Steinbeck's widow—in the form of a "message" to the audience printed in the playbill—and the implied one of the deceased novelist himself. Her tenses may be a bit off, but the message is clear: "My husband would love what they have done with his book." No doubt. For what they have done is to make palatable to a contemporary audience a sentimental saga of impotence and despair that offers as its only hope a belief in the innate goodness, selflessness, and generosity of the individual American.

In its unabashed mawkishness, Steinbeck's 1939 best-seller was no different from most of the popular culture of its time. Indeed, the final scene—in which Rose of Sharon, having just given birth to a stillborn baby, offers her breast to a starving man—evidently caused some embarrassment in the editorial offices of The Viking Press, but Steinbeck could not be convinced to part with it. There were those at the time who felt that the bathos of Depression-era popular culture was, in the words of Arthur Miller, "weirdly misplaced." Writing in his recent autobiography, *Timebends*, he recalls his reaction to the scene in the novel in which a shopkeeper lets Ma Joad keep ten cents' worth of groceries



without paying for them: This "might be inspiring," he writes, "but it was an amazing departure from any reality I had experienced."

How, then, to make acceptable to presumably more cynical present-day audiences—and critics—such blatant sentimentality? One way is to employ a sort of directorial sleight-of-hand by which sentimental material is presented in a highly detached manner. The delivery of Tom's famous parting speech to his mother—"I'll be all aroun' in the dark. . . . Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. . . ."—is so flat and matter-of-fact that it could be the credo of a Depression-era superhero. (It is worth noting in this

Miss Resnikova writes about theater and dance for the New York Observer *and* The New Criterion.

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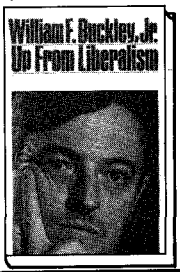

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context that Superman, Batman, and Tom Joad were all created in 1938–39. Fifty years later, Batman's embrace by a largely black underclass is being wickedly parodied by Eric Bogosian in his off-Broadway show *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*.)

Denied its lyricism, Tom's pronouncement becomes merely another empty threat of male violence born of impotence—with which the novel is rife, despite its admiring insistence upon the randiness of the Joad men—rather than the quasi-mystical, transcendent flight that the author seems to have had in mind. This affectlessness proved highly appealing to certain of the higher-brow critics, one of whom wrote that the direction "strips away sentimentality," another of whom pronounced the production "utterly unsentimental," as if a work's style could totally negate its content.

The director, Frank Galati, is also responsible for the adaptation, and though he has done a masterly job of distilling an epic novel into a stage work of under three hours' duration, he has also wrought upon the book a subtle and deceptive bowdlerization. Despite the claim of the critic for the *New York Times* that the novel has not been "updated," how else to characterize Galati's systematic deletion of every reference to the casual racism of the Joads and their peers?

In the final scene Galati has gone beyond mere expurgation: it is not just a strange man to whom Rose of Sharon offers her breast but a strange *black* man. (An article in the trade journal *Variety*, while recognizing the "highly unlikely" nature of such an encounter, cites it as a "definitive illustration" of how what is euphemistically referred to in the industry as "nontraditional casting" can work.)

And in a story that hinges on the question of to whom our nation's farmland rightfully belongs, the play conveniently ignores the question of that land's primeval inhabitants. In the book an entire chapter, written in a heightened, metaphorical style, is devoted to a description of the tenant farmers' eviction by the banks, which are characterized as "monsters" who "breathe profits" and "eat the interest on money." The implication is clearly that the land should belong to those who work it: "Grampa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land," writes Steinbeck, assuming the collective voice of Tom Joad and his generation. "Maybe we can kill banks," he concludes; "they're worse than Indians and snakes." Steinbeck saw no irony in the farmers' staking their claim to the land on their having cleared it of its previous human and ophidian inhabitants via genocide; Galati simply avoids the issue.

One area in which Galati did not have to worry about discomforting Broadway theatergoers was the novelist's own timid radicalism. For while it is true that Steinbeck hints at a future politicization of his everyman hero, it is a vague, feelgood sort of radicalism tied to the mystical beliefs of the apostate preacher turned strike leader Jim Casy. Having gone off into the wilderness, Casy returns convinced that "holiness" consists of all men "workin' together, not one fella for another fella, but one fella kind of harnessed to the whole shebang."

Casy's mystical beliefs become translated into political action in prison. Like Casy, the other prisoners were "nice fellas." As Casy explains, "What made 'em bad was they needed stuff." Casy's radicalization occurs when the prisoners stage a protest at being served some sour beans: "One fella started yellin', an' nothin' happened. . . . then another fella yelled . . . then we all got yellin'. . . . Then somepin happened! They come a-runnin', and they give us some other stuff to eat—give it to us. Ya see?" Somewhat dimly, Tom responds, "No," and Casy says, "Maybe I can't tell you. Maybe you got to find out"—which is presumably what Tom will do shortly afterward when he sets off on his own.

It is difficult to imagine a more unthreatening radicalism, not to mention prison population. So wary was Steinbeck that even this hint at the efficacy of collective action would cause his novel to be viewed as Marxist propaganda that he insisted that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" be printed on the end-papers—"all the verses." Broadway theatergoers, many of whom are able to spend a hundred dollars for a pair of tickets because they are fellas who have other fellas workin' for them, can feel righteous moral indignation at the plight of these blameless prisoners and dispossessed Okies without actually having to face the logical consequences of Casy's Whole Shebang theory of social harmony. □

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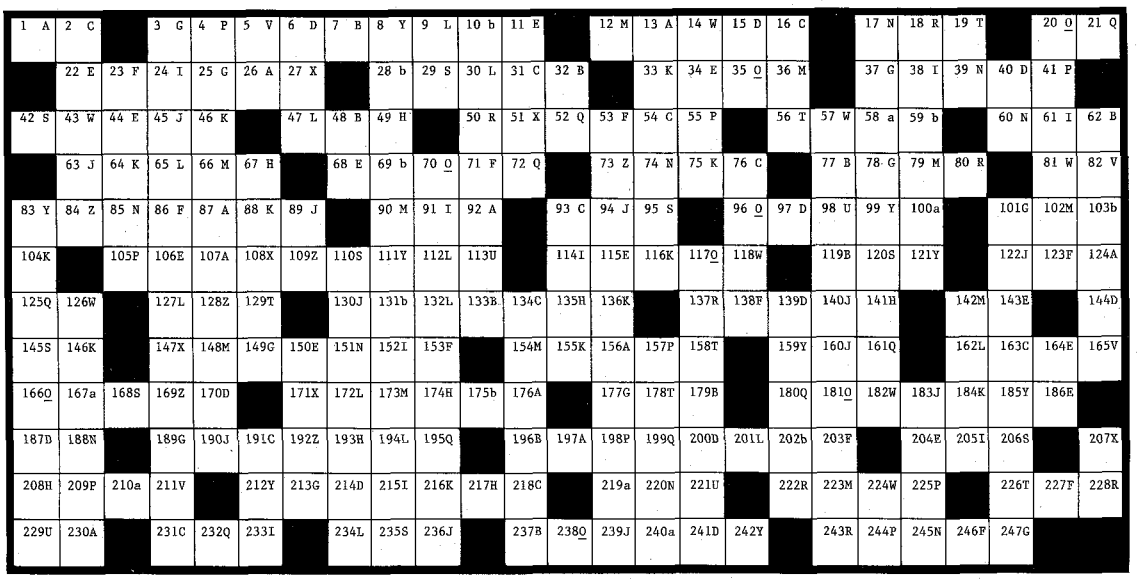
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Endangered Rust Belt species — 176 87 156 124 26 1 13 197 230 92 / 107

B. Idle — 237 133 179 77 196 7 48 119 32 62

C. Unwillingness to share — 218 2 93 231 134 191 76 163 54 31 / 16

D. N.Y. mountain range — 97 139 6 241 144 187 40 200 214 15 / 170

E. Shaggy dog — 150 106 22 204 34 44 164 186 115 68 / 143 11

F. Socrates' field — 227 123 23 246 71 203 138 53 86 153

G. Pass judgment — 177 37 189 149 247 213 3 78 101 25

H. Periodic — 67 208 141 49 174 217 193 135

I. City in western N.Y. — 152 205 114 91 61 24 215 38 233

J. Lacking in kindness — 190 63 130 160 140 89 183 122 94 239 / 45 236

K. Philip Stanhope's earldom — 75 155 88 136 104 64 146 33 216 116 / 184 46

L. Freud wrote of its discontents — 194 172 65 132 112 162 9 127 234 201 / 30 47

M. Land mass south of England (3 words) — 142 79 36 66 148 12 154 223 173 102 / 90

N. Takes precedence over — 188 74 151 60 39 245 85 220 17

O. Our patriotic relative (2 words) — 35 238 166 70 181 20 117 96

P. Supply anew — 157 209 105 225 198 55 4 41 244

Q. Crush the resistance — 21 199 161 180 52 232 72 195 125

R. Wrist and stop — 222 18 137 243 50 228 80

S. Swedenborg's following (2 words) — 168 120 95 42 235 145 206 110 29

T. Breach of orthodoxy — 56 158 178 129 226 19

U. All right — 221 98 229 113

V. Goose egg — 82 165 5 211

W. Pitch a product to excess — 43 182 126 118 81 57 14 224

X. Sly — 147 171 51 108 207 27

Y. Heeding — 83 111 121 185 242 159 8 212 99

Z. Passes bad checks—out loud! — 84 192 169 109 128 73

a. Reapers, earlier on — 210 240 219 167 58 100

b. Poe wrote of this heart — 175 59 202 131 28 103 69 10

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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Let Us Pray

NEW YORK, MAY 11

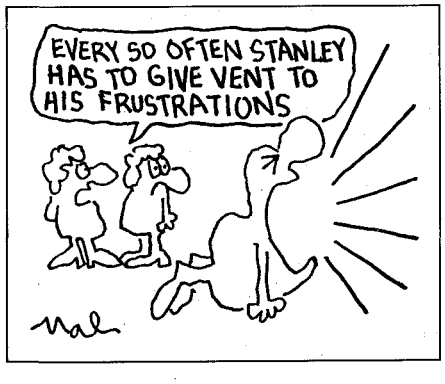
When I was an agent of the CIA in Mexico (August 1951–April 1952) one of my missions was to slip envelopes with money in them to a student leader affiliated with a movement whose motto was "*Ni comunismo ni capitalismo.*" Rescued from its bumpersticker compactness, what the statement said was: "Just as we Mexicans must not follow the ways of Communism, so we must not follow the ways of capitalism." The CIA in those days was run by Ivy Leaguers much influenced by the whole idea that the world was developing toward the "third way," as Sweden's mixture of socialism and capitalism was called.

Things have not greatly changed in Mexico, where the word capitalism continues, except in some intellectual circles, to be ostracized. This made it easier for Pope John Paul II to do his routine denunciation of capitalism when he spoke on Wednesday in Pancho Villa country, sounding very much like Pancho Villa. He wanted it made clear, he said, that in celebrating the collapse of Communism he had not meant to say that capitalism had triumphed. Relying on the report in the *New York Times* by Mr. Clyde Haberman, we learn the Pope was explicit, indeed, in his condemnation of "the effects that liberal capitalism has produced, at least so far, in the countries known as the Third World." The Pope spoke of "the excessive hoarding of riches by some" which "denies them to the majority, and thus the very wealth that is accumulated generates poverty." He told the great crowd that he had criticized Communism not for its economic shortcomings, but rather because it "violated or jeopardized the dignity of the person."

The word "capitalism" is in disrepute in part because it is associated with such practices as Communist rhetoric concentrates on attacking, in part because of the image of the sweatshop. (It is not universally understood that sweatshops exist in socialist countries, where they last much longer.) Listen, by contrast, to a few sentences in which Professor Gerald W. Scully of the University of Texas reports, in the *Journal of Political Economy*, on a recent test "of the effect of the institutional framework on the efficiency and growth of economies."

Professor Scully writes, "In this study of the world's 115 market economies over the period 1960–80, compound growth rates of real domestic product per capita and a measure of economic efficiency were compared with measures of political, civil, and economic liberty. It was found that the choice of the institutional framework has profound consequences on the efficiency and growth of economies. Politically open societies, which bind themselves to the rule of law, to private property, and to the market allocation of resources, grow at three times (2.73 to 0.91 per cent annually) the rate and are two and one-half times as efficient as societies in which these freedoms are circumscribed or proscribed." What is the word that describes the conditions listed here by Professor Scully? Capitalism.

The Vatican Library is among the most exhaustive in the world. Such is the eclectic appetite of its curator that it even harbors (reputedly) the largest collection of pornography in the world. One wonders why some librarian doesn't give the Pope some contemporary findings on the effects of capitalism. One recent study of 31 Third World economies over a period of forty years tells us many interesting things. In India, where the government intervenes massively, per-capita income (in 1980 dollars) rose from $150 in 1950 to $230 in 1980; while in South Korea, where the government has intervened much less, per-capita income rose from $350 to $2,900. Forty years ago Ghana was the richest country in black Africa, with per-capita income almost exactly equal to South Korea's. By the early 1980s, South Korea's income was five times Ghana's, and Ghana's had fallen by more than 18 per cent. "Like water that seeks its own level, resources are predisposed to flow to their highest-valued use. But a necessary condition for achieving this efficiency result is that all resources be owned exclusively by private individuals and that these resources be transferable."



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The Pope is triumphantly right when he criticizes human greed and materialist priorities. There is nothing in capitalism that requires of its practitioners that they engage in these distortions.

The following day the Pope spoke at Chihuahua, where he criticized birth control, in a country that will have a population of one hundred million by the end of this decade. If by that time Mexico isn't engaging wholeheartedly in capitalist practices, the Pope is urging the birth of children who will suffer greatly, unnecessarily; the fate of societies in which capitalism does not prevail. □

Oversight Time

NEW YORK, MAY 14

The most recent quarrel involving feminine rights is being accosted by Congress, in which a bill is gestating that would make it unlawful for a company to fire a woman who takes time away from work to look after an ailing relative (or lover, for that matter). President Bush has promised to veto the bill on the grounds that arrangements of such a kind ought to be negotiated between employer and employee and are not properly the business of government. He is right, of course: no federal law can intelligently put itself into the shoes of every employer in America, from the hospital that hires a woman to man the emergency line, to the McDonald's restaurant with its obligations to the graveyard shift.

But an organization called the Older Women's League has a complaint that seeks social review that Mr. Bush ought not to oppose, and this has to do with Social Security practices.

Begin with the workaday charge we all hear, namely that women are paid less than men for comparable jobs. Professor Thomas Sowell several years ago penetrated the figures to discover that the average woman changes jobs six times as frequently as the average man. This has nothing to do with being fickle

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toward one's employer, and everything to do with the woman's unique role as procreator of the human race. What Mr. Sowell discovered about women who stay uninterruptedly in the same job, by the way, is both reassuring and a little offputting to the male gender. It is that they end up earning 101 per cent as much as men do.

That takes care of women who work regularly, as far as Social Security points and private pension plans are concerned. But there are those women who do not "work" in the Social Security sense of being paid wages on which Social Security is contributed by both employer and employee. And these women need not only recognition, but relief.

A friend in his late fifties writes to me, coincidentally: "Recently, as Emma and I faced our tax man, and a change from regular employment to self-employment, we sat down to plan further for the uncertain future. He asked Emma to find out how many 'quarters' she had worked when Social Security payments were made. We did so and found that she still would have many quarters yet to work—because, for most of her adult life, she has not had to work for an employer.

"Instead, she has steadily given of her time and energy in a local charitable program (driving the elderly or infirm to doctors' appointments, or to shop, etc.); in Meals-on-Wheels; in church work; etc.

"If Emma, who represents the generations of volunteers who keep things going in America, were to be given service credit for this on her Social Security, which would seem to be appropriate and fair, then she might have more nearly 'earned' the right to full Social Security benefits come the day when she might need them. In other words, the docents of the nation do give of service: but are not given credits via Social Security." This seems wrong to my friend, and seems wrong to me.

The economist Henry Hazlitt once asked a seminar: "What do unemployment statistics do when Edgar marries Sally, his cook?" Interesting point. Unemployment figures rise by one cipher. Sally suddenly finds that she is not being paid anything and she is no longer earning points toward Social Security. Her duties are, let us suppose, unchanged: she continues to cook for Edgar. And, down the line, for Edgar Jr. And if she is minded to do charity work when Edgar Jr. is off at school she volunteers as Emma does. For this work she receives no compensation in cash, needless to say; but neither does she receive compensation in the form of rebated taxes on Edgar's income. In short, a society that has totally restructured its financial house to the end of persuading its citizens that beginning at age 65 the government will absorb anywhere from 100 per cent of the cost of living to 1 per cent (if you are super-affluent) manages to leave out of its reckoning that class of women who engage in exactly the kind of activity our society most needs: child supervision, and charity work.

Not right. Not right at all. The Older Women's League specifically asks that points be given to women who stay home to care for their children, or for disabled relatives. Write that into the Republican platform next time around. □

Understanding Mapplethorpe

NEW YORK, MAY 4

I was in Cincinnati the other day with a couple of hours to spare, so I went to the Contemporary Arts Center to see the provocative photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe, about which so much has been written.

The curator of the Center spotted me and offered to give me and my companion a professional tour of the exhibit. Mr. John Sawyer, we soon discovered, knows more about Mapplethorpe than Boswell knew about Johnson. And he does not disguise his enthusiasm for the photographer's work. He describes in the photographs details we might otherwise have missed, speaking about them with the voice of a coroner dictating his findings to a stenographer, whether he is talking about the irradiations of subtle light, or about the foreskin of the subject's penis. I think it is fair to say about Mr. Sawyer that he is no more "shocked" by the Mapplethorpe photographs than a laboratory technician would be shocked by a microbe he spotted. As far as he is concerned it is work that is done by an artist, and that is all that matters. The flyer you get with your ticket might very well have been written by the curator. Under the heading of "Still Lifes," one comes across the line, "The convergence of both sexes in the flower is emphasized by Mapplethorpe's careful positioning of lens and light to reveal the powdery stamens and the translucent orifice created by the petals." Fuss around with that just a little bit and you could be reading Henry Miller or Frank Harris.

The Center proudly points out that fifty thousand people have come to see the exhibit in the first month. One restrains oneself from commenting that fifty thousand people went to see *Deep Throat* every day. Unfair, perhaps: but the most wayward photographs were bunched together at one end of the room, and that was the only corner of the exhibit where a line formed. To see anal sex, you have to stand in line.

The utter sincerity of John Sawyer is not ineffective. He speaks—again, like a pathologist reporting on body tissue—about Mapplethorpe's models. . . . Mostly he liked the black male. . . . There had been practically no photographic studies of the black male until Mapplethorpe . . . About one-half of his models shown here died of AIDS . . . That model over there didn't permit his face to be shown, and later he thought the picture showed his member distractingly large . . . The little boy (filmed nude at age six) was embarrassed by the photograph when he reached his teens. But now he is in college and likes it. His mother always liked it . . . You say she's "dykeish"? I see what you mean, but come over here and see the picture of her coming up from a swim in the sea. There. She looks totally feminine . . . You notice the total evenness of the color? (A male fist is inserted into a rectum.) . . . The colors are really quite extraordinary . . . Some people find that picture (of a flower) the sexiest in the exhibition.

The mind keeps returning to the world of science, which is like the world of art in that the professional prescinds from the surrounding world the object he is assessing. The curator looks at a picture and sees in it only the skill of the artist; the effect of the picture on ambient values, conventions, feelings is simply extrinsic to his concern, rather like asking the doctor doing a biopsy whether the patient has provided adequately for his forthcoming widow. The John Sawyers of this world, gazing at some of the Mapplethorpe pictures, see colors and form and conformation, and are truly astonished that other people are seeing: kink.

It is very difficult for the two worlds to understand each other. There are 150 pictures in the Mapplethorpe exhibit, and if 25 of them were retired, the public would be left to see the extraordinary work of an extraordinary artist without being asked to suspend the operation of conventional sensibilities. But to withhold these, in the eyes of Mr. Sawyer and his colleagues, would be to perform an act of bowdlerization. They should realize that just as non-artists sometimes do and say things that do not merit publication, so artists sometimes perform work best left for study and worship in artists' laboratories. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

■ Now that Pete Rose's image has been tarnished, the fair city of Cincinnati is in the market for another record setter. A good bet is Kenneth Blackwell. This former city-council member hopes to become the first black voting Republican member of the House since 1932. Mr. Blackwell, a former mayor of Cincinnati, is running in a tough race against the current mayor, Charles Luken, in Ohio's first congressional district.

Mr. Blackwell's Republicanism is of the Kemp stripe—enthusiastic, pro-market, and pro-life. On top of this, he has a long history of community work, including the founding (along with Procter & Gamble president John Pepper) of the Cincinnati Youth Collaborative, a private effort to reduce the dropout rate in the city's schools. Among Mr. Luken's distinctions, by contrast, is that he is the son of the current occupant of the contested seat, Democratic Representative Thomas Luken.

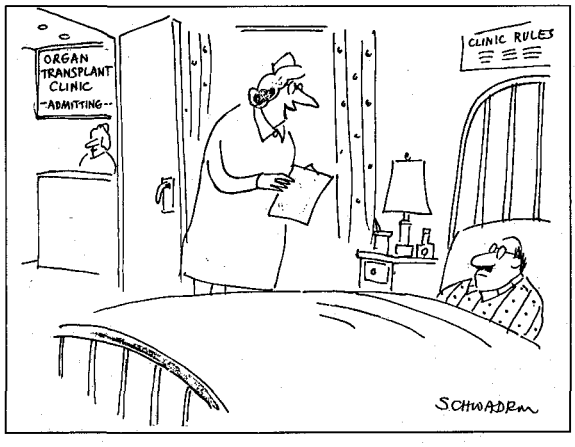
Therein lies a tale. Luken the Elder sits on the Energy and Commerce Committee, an obscure though powerful position because the committee deals with so much that affects business. An unfriendly voice there could make things unpleasant for business groups, as the Honorable Mr. Luken has reminded them. No surprise, then, that business PACs have been hesitant to cross him by supporting Mr. Blackwell, whose pro-market positions would much better serve their interests. Given that the two candidates are running neck and neck in terms of favorable ratings and visibility, how business comes down will be crucial.

But our hero seems to be gaining. A recent fundraiser for Mr. Blackwell's campaign was attended by the CEOs of Cincinnati's four largest banks, and HUD Secretary Jack Kemp will be out there plugging him just about the time we hit the newsstands. The campaign has a pledge of support from the President, too, though no word yet whether that means a personal visit.

■ Back inside the Beltway, a group of black pro-lifers is still having it out with the office of Representative Augustus F. Hawkins (D., Calif.). In our May 14 issue, Cato reported on an unseemly incident involving a Hawkins staffer who threatened to sue the pro-lifers if they continued to state the obvious truth: that the congressman has an unblemished pro-abortion voting record. The staffer was Gail Perry, and the threat was made at an April 4 meeting in which the pro-lifers were arguing that abortion on demand was tantamount to black genocide.

The incident was reported here, along with the promise of legal action. Nothing like that has happened. But the group of visitors reports that since the exchange was published in this column Miss Perry has been making what a press release from the American Life League says are "harassment calls to black pro-lifers." One source says Miss Perry solemnly promised she intended to "do something" about the whole affair.

■ Over at the Kennedy Center, the Federation of Overseas Hong Kong Chinese and the Tiananmen Memorial Foundation put on a Concert for Democracy. The program featured well-known singers from Hong Kong and Taiwan who have been traveling throughout North America to rally the Chinese community to call for East European–style reform on the mainland. Opponents of the Peking regime are split, however, on Most Favored Nation status for China, which President Bush has to renew or revoke by June 4. Many people, on both the left and the right, are outraged at the President's kowtowing to Deng Xiaoping and want MFN status pulled. But others, equally indignant, point out that all this will do is hurt capitalist Hong Kong, whose economy is closely tied to China's and is totally dependent on trade.



"Your dinner tonight will be kidney pie. Tomorrow—liver and onions."

© Schwadron / Rotheo

■ Meanwhile, Judge Robert Bork has visited Alabama twice recently, making Senator Howell Heflin (D., Ala.) decidedly uneasy. Senator Heflin, you may recall, was the solon who in the Judiciary Committee voted against confirming Bork for the Supreme Court on the basis that he didn't like the cut of the Judge's beard—as sound a reason as any offered during the whole fiasco. It turns out that Judge Bork is rather popular down Alabama way, and his appearance there in a year when the senator faces a challenge from Republican State Senator Bill Cabaniss has set tongues a-wagging. You don't hear Senator Heflin talking about his Bork vote these days.

■ Finally, Representative William Dannemeyer (R., Calif.) is coming under great pressure from his GOP colleagues in the House not to introduce an amendment forcing an expulsion vote on fellow member Barney Frank (D., Mass.) after the ethics committee releases its report on him. It would be one thing if the pressure were coming because the Honorable Mr. Frank for once had agreed to do the right thing and spare his party and his institution further embarrassment. But Cato hears that the real reason Republicans are loath to call for his expulsion is Barney "I Have a List of Five Gay Republicans" Frank's threat to expose these GOP homosexuals. Do House rules say anything about blackmail? —CATO

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Asia Series

In Bangkok, good things come in enormous packages.

There was a time in Thailand when pachyderms meant political power, and a white elephant was worth its weight in gold. While times have changed—elephants today are used to symbolize good luck instead of wealth—there are still a number of big surprises in store for the businessman in old Siam.

Mai pen rai.

Pronounced "my pen rye," this is translated as "it doesn't matter," and it conveys the Thai attitude toward business and life as well. It means it's best to avoid open conflicts and negotiate patiently —shouting will get you nowhere.

Shy Thais.

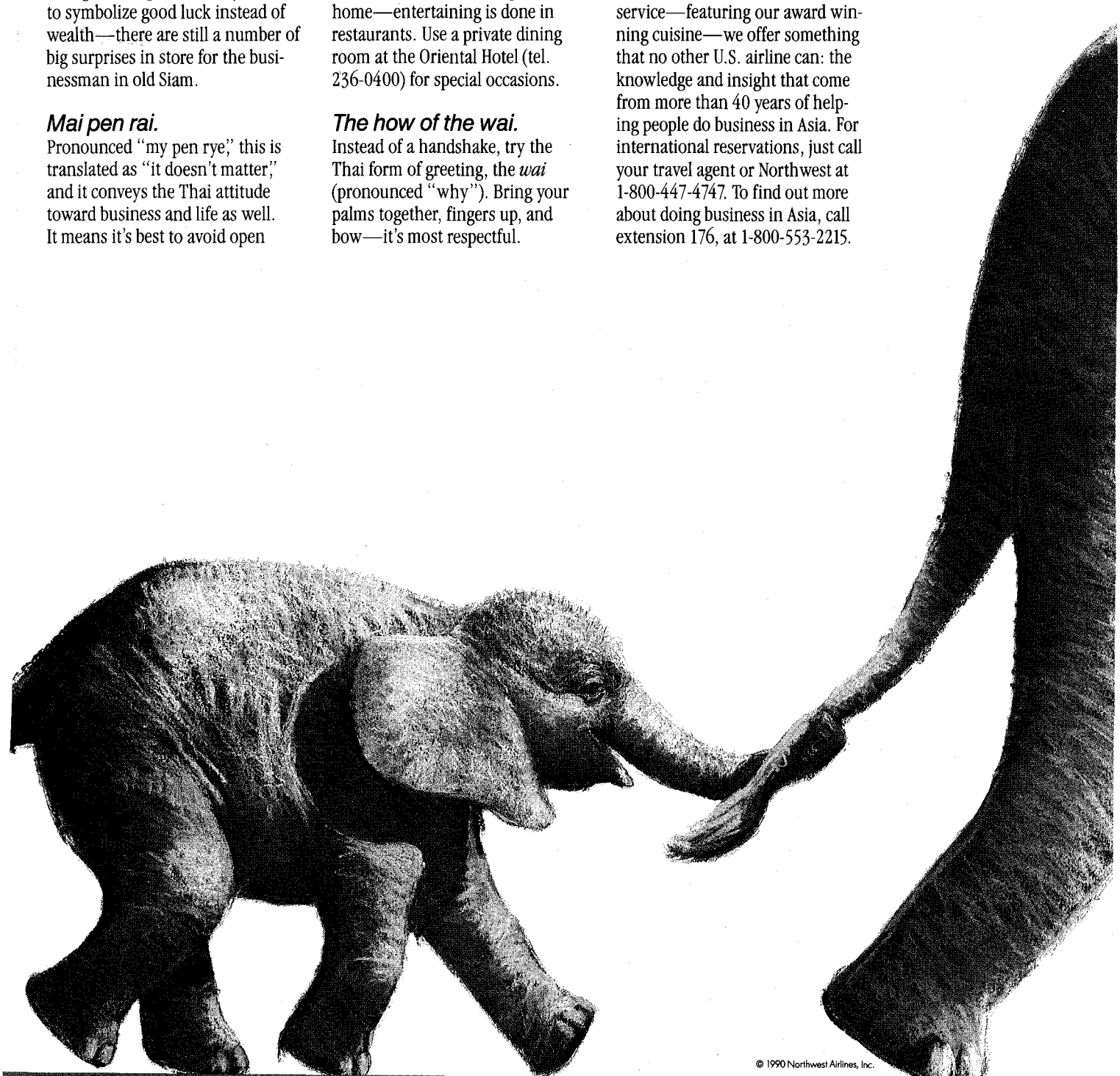
Thais seldom invite foreigners home—entertaining is done in restaurants. Use a private dining room at the Oriental Hotel (tel. 236-0400) for special occasions.

The how of the wai.

Instead of a handshake, try the Thai form of greeting, the *wai* (pronounced "why"). Bring your palms together, fingers up, and bow—it's most respectful.

Northwest notes.

Northwest flies more people to Asia from the U.S. than any other airline. And, in addition to our enhanced First and Executive Class service—featuring our award winning cuisine—we offer something that no other U.S. airline can: the knowledge and insight that come from more than 40 years of helping people do business in Asia. For international reservations, just call your travel agent or Northwest at 1-800-447-4747. To find out more about doing business in Asia, call extension 176, at 1-800-553-2215.



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NORTHWEST AIRLINES

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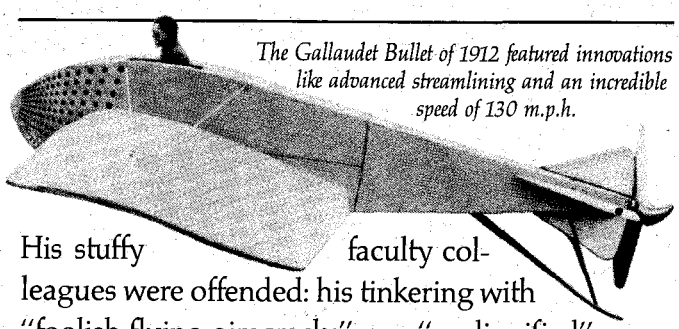
HE WASN'T A WRIGHT BROTHER. BUT HE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.



The Gallaudet Bullet of 1912 featured innovations like advanced streamlining and an incredible speed of 130 m.p.h.

His stuffy faculty colleagues were offended: his tinkering with "foolish flying gimcracks" was "undignified."

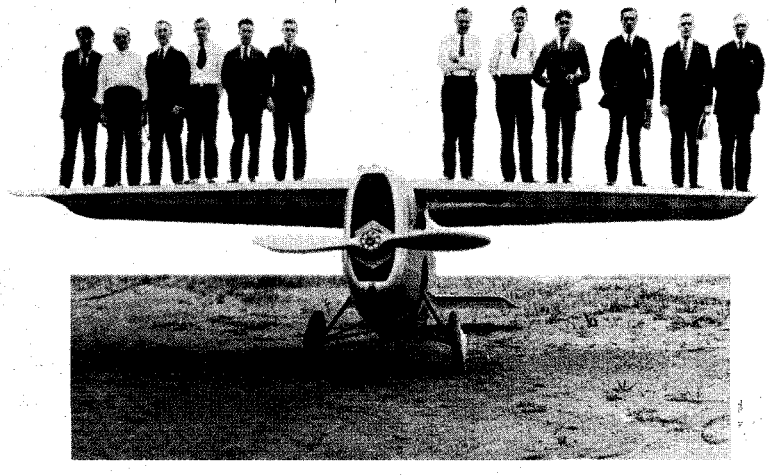
But young professor Edson Gallaudet was willing to give up his dignity, and his job, for a new idea about warping the wings of flying machines.

In 1898, he tested a scale model which proved his idea right. And five years later, Wilbur and Orville Wright flew using that same principle.

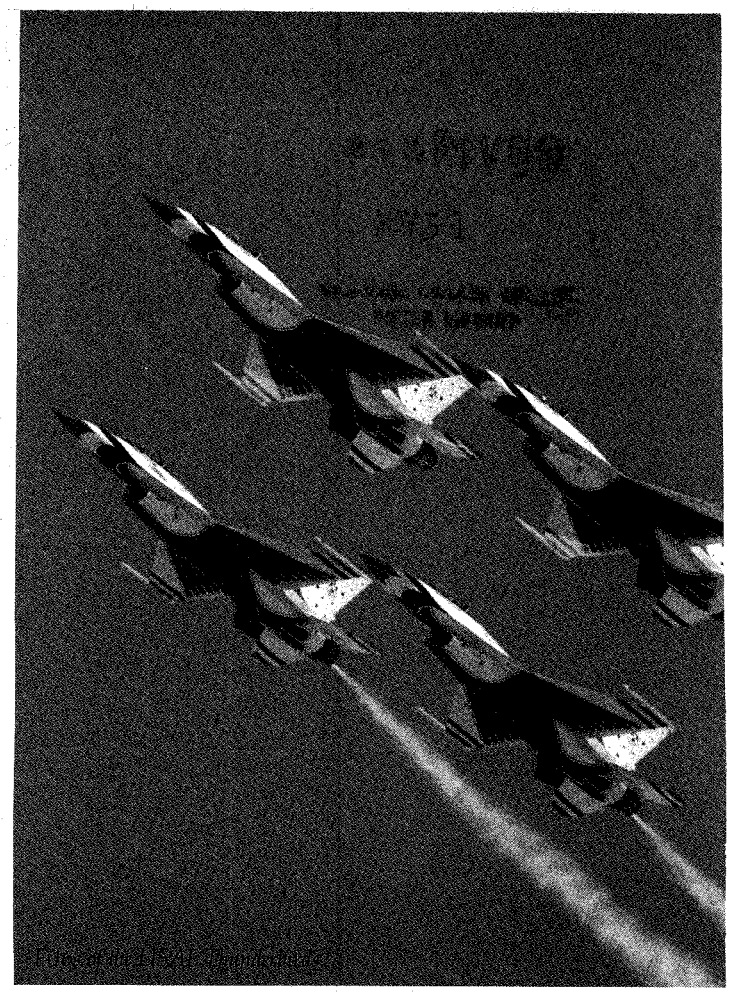
In 1908, Edson Gallaudet started what many credit as the first aircraft factory in America. Gallaudet Engineering Company became the earliest aircraft ancestor of General Dynamics.

Over the next 82 years, our history of building aircraft has included some of America's famous planes. And famous people.

Eddie Stinson, barnstormer and "birdman," who designed aircraft for many of the pioneer pilots, merged his company with ours. As did Jerry Vultee, whose planes set many distance and speed records, including Jimmy Doolittle's 12-hour cross-country flight.



The RB Racer, made by Dayton-Wright Airplane Company, was the first aircraft to have fully retractable landing gear. Dayton-Wright became an early part of General Dynamics.



During WWII, the Consolidated B-24 Liberator became the most-produced American bomber. After the war, our B-36 Peacemaker became the backbone of America's Strategic Air Command.

Our innovative, delta-wing design made the F-102 the world's first supersonic interceptor. And the B-58 Hustler the world's first supersonic bomber.

Today our F-16 Fighting Falcon is rated the finest fighter in the world. It well represents our long tradition of craftsmanship and creativity.

Once again, that tradition is about to be tested. In a technology competition against groups from West Germany and Japan, General Dynamics is teaming with four top American companies to develop the National Aerospace Plane.

To fly from runway to orbit, at speeds up to 17,000 m.p.h., we must invent new science. We must also invent new ways for American competitors to work together. But we are confident.

Since the days of Gallaudet, our company has been inventing not only better airplanes, but better ways to make them.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

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